

Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

THE OLD ZION CHURCH.

Rev. Robert McIntyre, D. D.

Oh, the old Zion Church, on the big country road
Where the old wagons halted to empty the load
Of the farmers who came when the calm Sabbath day

Put the plow, and the planter, and reaper away.
I can hear "Coronation" flow out from the choir,

Bubbling over the building and up to the spire,
Where one pair of bluebirds on Sunday did perch
To join in the hymns of the old Zion Church.

Oh, the old Zion Church! Down its homely old aisles
The river of song broke in ripples of smiles,
As the bride drew her robes from altar to door
Through the sunshine that sweetened the old oaken floor.

And our tears often flowed when the whole village wept,
Where the bonnie wee bairn in its white coffin slept,
While the old parson told how Death in his march

For the jewels of God came to old Zion Church.

Oh, the old Zion Church! I can see it in spring
When orchards unfold it in sweet blossoming;
And all the long summer it looks in the heat
Where swift swallows swim thro' billows of wheat;

And the tone of its bell on the still autumn morn
Weds the quail's mellow alto, far off in the corn;
And in winter the snow wraps the cedar and birch

That keep watch o'er the graves by the old Zion Church.

Oh, the old Zion Church, where the tall cedar waves
Its mantle of gloom o'er my ancestors' graves,
Where my father and mother were long ago laid,
And the whippoorwill mourns in the murmurous shade!

When my time comes to say farewell to the earth
I would like to return to the scenes of my birth,
Shake off the old husk, leave the world in the lurch,
For heaven must be nigh to the old Zion Church.

Chicago, Ill.

The Outlook.

Chicago is to receive a quid pro quo for the franchise granted to the General Electric Company for traction purposes. By shrewd business management on the part of the mayor the Company has consented to pay into the municipal treasury 5 per cent. of its gross earnings during the second five years of the franchise, 7 per cent. for the third five years, and 10 per cent. for the last five years. Had the old companies been subjected to this rule, nearly a million and a half dollars would have been available annually for such important purposes as cleaning and lighting the streets. Corporation privileges will hereafter be paid for in Chicago — and elsewhere probably.

The year 1896 was phenomenal in our history for the value and volume of our exported goods. The total value was \$894,844,193, or nearly \$150,000,000 over that of the previous year. The only approach to this was in the year 1892, when the aggregate of exports footed up \$923,237,315. Cereals, of course, figured largely in the exports of last year, but the most encouraging item is that of manufactured goods. The figures show an increase in the value of shipments of 50 per cent. over those of two years ago, and of nearly 60 per cent. over those of four years ago. This is a very significant indication of the growing demand for these goods in foreign markets — a demand somewhat surprising considering the high prices paid for American labor.

A bold and successful piece of engineering was performed in California a short time ago — that of blasting off the side of a mountain so as to bridge a gorge and block a stream for the purpose of impounding the latter for a water supply to the city of San Diego, forty-three miles away. The blast was laid in tunnels and fired by electricity. A hundred thousand pounds of powder were used. The explosion was terrific. A mass of granite rock 400 feet wide and 60 feet high, weighing 150,000 tons, was detached, thrown forward forty or fifty feet, falling thence 125 feet "with an awful roar," on the precise line which the engineers had planned. Black powder was used for pushing the mass forward, and giant powder for shattering purposes. Fortunately no accident occurred.

A Novel Telescope.

A composite lens on the principle of the fly's eye is to be constructed for the Lowe Observatory, near Pasadena, Cal. The inventor of this style of glass is a Mr. Gothmann, who claims to have found a cement in which lenses can be set which will expand and contract with exact evenness with the glass under changes of temperature, thus keeping the cluster of lenses in exact line and focus at all times. The arrangement resembles that of a circular disk covered with coins. Placing one — say a six-inch lens — in the centre, there would be six lenses in the first ring around the centre, twelve in the second, eighteen in the third, and so on. These small lenses would be comparatively inexpensive. Their focal length concentrated on the eye piece would be only that of a single six-inch glass, thus reducing the usual length of the tube, with the weight and cost of the settings. Astronomer Lowe is arranging for a 72-inch refracting telescope to be built on this novel plan.

Rounding Up Beggars and Tramps.

The Charity Organization Society of New York city has succeeded in enlisting the active aid of the police and magistrates in the effort to abate what has grown to be an intolerable public nuisance — professional beggars and vagrants. Two picked patrolmen have been detailed to each of the six magistrate courts. They are to dress in plain clothes and visit the haunts of these unfortunates at the times when they usually solicit help. Every case that seems to be worthy — where a man or woman out of work begs to keep from starvation — is to be conducted to the nearest branch of the Charity Organization Society, where relief will be given and arrangements made to prevent further public solicitation. Every professional is to be promptly arrested, taken to court, his record investigated in the books of the Charity Society if he have any, and a sentence of at least three months in the workhouse imposed, which will effectively take him off the streets, punish him for vagrancy, and accustom him to habits of work and thrift. This vigorous policy will have the effect of deterring thousands of tramps and sneak thieves from entering New York city at all, and will greatly lessen the boldness and impudence of local vagrants.

The British Chancellor's Defiance.

When the Mixed Tribunal, under French influence, reversed the judgment of the Egyptian Public Debt Commission, and decided that Egypt must not pay the cost of the expedition against Dongola, England acquiesced, and agreed to pay the bill herself. The French authorities believed that they had scored a point against England in this matter. Last week, however, the opportunity came for an official utterance on the part of Great Britain with reference to her policy in Egypt, and to the hindrances which France persistently throws in the way of that policy. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chancellor of the exchequer, in moving a resolution granting £798,000 to meet the total cost of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition to Dongola and the

maintenance of the garrisons, distinctly stated that the obstructive tactics pursued by the Tribunal were calculated to prolong the British occupation of Egypt. England would advance the money for the expedition, but Great Britain and Egypt would decide mutually when the sum should be repaid. The occupation of Egypt had been prolonged because France had not allowed the British as free a hand as was necessary. The Mixed Tribunal, he said, would be investigated and its powers reconsidered. These bold words naturally excited great irritation in France; but England plainly means to stand by them.

The Case of the "Three Friends."

This somewhat famous filibustering steamer was libeled, it will be remembered, on Dec. 26, for violating that section of our Neutrality laws which prohibits the fitting out in this country "of a vessel to go into the service of a foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district or people, to cruise, or make war upon another foreign prince, state, colony, or people." The owners of the vessel maintained that the libel failed to show that the steamer had been fitted out with intent of being employed in the service of "any body politic recognized or known to the United States as a body politic;" in other words, no violation of law was committed because Cuba is not recognized as a belligerent. The statute, it was argued, contemplates a condition of war; and when no war exists, there can be no violation of the statute. Judge Locke, of the District Court of Jacksonville, sustained the exception of the respondents and dismissed the application. This decision permits of but one inference — that our Neutrality laws only become operative when a war shall have broken out between two belligerent Powers recognized as such by this country. This decision is so significant and far-reaching in its bearings that the Attorney General has arranged to have it reviewed without delay by the highest court in the land. Meantime the vessel is held on a charge of piracy, there having been a rumor that she fired upon a Spanish vessel; the owners are not held. The Supreme Court will hear arguments on this remarkable case on February 15.

Proposed Reforms for Cuba.

On the surface the scheme of reforms to which the Queen Regent of Spain affixed her signature last week concedes practical autonomy for Cuba. It is without doubt a far more liberal plan than that proposed two years ago. Its principal feature is the creation of a Cuban Council of Administration, to consist of thirty-five members, twenty-one to be elected by popular vote, six by the leading municipal and provincial corporations of the island, and the remaining eight to consist of a leading magistrate, a university professor, and five ex-senators or deputies. This Council is to frame the tariff, and levy taxes, subject only to the limitation that certain Spanish products shall be favored by a differential rate of not more than 20 per cent. This Council is also to act upon certain appeals from the decision of the Governor General, and may refer, at pleasure, doubtful matters to the Colonial Minister at Madrid. Municipal and provincial councils are also provided for, in which local matters can be regulated and the people trained in self-government. All local officials except the Governor General are to be either native Cubans or Spaniards who shall have resided in the island at least two years. This plan would separate the civil administration of the island from the military, would accomplish "a decentralization of the vast powers hitherto held by military captains general, and deal a death-blow to the carpet-bag system of government with which Cuba has so long been cursed." But it should be noted, on the other hand, that no proposition is made to change the present franchise. Under existing laws only a slim minority of Cubans can vote. A district has been cited — that of Guines — which contains a population of 500 Spaniards and

12,500 Cubans; 400 of the former are entitled to vote, and only 32 of the latter; and this is said to be a sample one. "Under this system of suffrage," says the New York Sun, "a million and a half of Cubans would be out-voted by one-ninth of their number of Spaniards." The proposed Council of Administration would be essentially Spanish, not Cuban. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the Cuban leaders in this country deride the scheme as "an old dog under a new name," and are unshaken in their determination to keep up the fight for absolute independence.

The Anglo-Venezuelan Treaty Signed.

In the office of Secretary Olney on the 2d inst., the British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and the Venezuelan minister, Senor José Andrade, affixed their signatures to a treaty by which the two countries agree to refer to arbitration the boundary dispute which has been pending nearly one hundred years, and in the settlement of which this country has taken an active interest. This amicable termination restores diplomatic relations between England and Venezuela which have been suspended for ten years, and brings to an end the work of the Venezuelan Commission appointed by this country. The arbitrators named in the treaty are Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, and Lord Herschel and Sir Richard H. Collins, justices of the English Supreme Court of Judicature. These four will choose a fifth member to complete the court, provision being made that King Oscar shall name the fifth member, if the four cannot agree. By the terms of the treaty the agents of the two governments, England and Venezuela, must submit their complete cases at Paris, where the arbitration tribunal will meet within eight months of the ratification of the treaty. Three months additional will be allowed for the submission of the counter cases, so that the entire arbitration will probably occupy a year and a half. It will stand as a lasting credit to President Cleveland's administration that it has by its firmness and patience prevailed upon England to consent to arbitrate this long-standing and vexatious controversy.

Possible Changes in Our Financial Policy.

If Mr. Lyman J. Gage, whom Major McKinley has selected for the important office of Secretary of the Treasury, is supported in his views by Congress, some radical changes in the methods of our national finances may be expected. Mr. Gage finds fault with the "confusing heterogeneity" of our currency — eight different species, viz., gold coin, silver dollars, legal tender greenbacks, Sherman notes, gold certificates, silver certificates, national bank-notes, subsidiary silver; this "needs simplification." He regards the greenback as controverting "the principle of paper money, viz., that every note injected into the commercial system should represent an existing commercial value; he believes these should be retired. He is equally as explicit regarding the treasury note, which he declares to be "a standing evidence of a foolish operation — the creation of a debt for the purchase on a falling market of a commodity for which the purchaser has no use;" this, he says, "lies open to the just charge of being both idiotic and immoral." He believes in the national bank-note, but asserts that "the unreasonable requirements for its security paralyze its efficiency and operate to destroy its elasticity." The silver certificates, in his opinion, "encourage the use of silver to a larger extent than is consistent with the safe preservation of that metal on a parity with gold;" he would, evidently, contract or eliminate these, separate, if possible, the banking system from the revenue, and transfer it to the national banks, guarding the circulation of the latter and making it broader and more elastic than the present law permits. That Congress will approve this scheme of currency reform in its entirety, is hardly probable.

Our Contributors.

THE HELPER.

Is the day dark and grim?
Are sorrows rife?
'Tis never dark with Him
Who holds my life.
God can fill saddest days
With cheeriest light,
And 'e'en life's pleasant ways
Make yet more bright.

He is my star and sun,
My lamp within;
Warned by His voice I shun
The snares of sin;
Won by His truth I learn
To love the right,
Finding in duty stern
The mind's delight.

I see His blessed face
In those I love.
His goodness and His grace
All pure things prove.
Why should I know despair
Or loneliness,
Since, whether here or there,
God waits to bless?

Then come to me what may,
Or cloud or sun,
I'd try in truth to pray
'Thy will be done.'
Thy will - I cannot know
Just what it be;
My daily tasks I'd do,
And trust the rest.

-REV. CHARLES E. PERKINS, in *Christian Register*.

PASTORS' RETREATS.

Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D.

THE word "retreat" is a novelty in Methodist parlance. As a militant church we have not had any use for this term in its military sense in the conquest of the world for Christ. But in some branches of the Christian church it has come to signify "a period of several days' withdrawal from society to a religious house for exclusive occupation in the duties of devotion" (Noah Webster). This form of religious exercise is becoming common in some parts of our church, notably in Genesee Conference, where several presiding elders annually invite their preachers to a spiritual retreat at some central point on the district.

We have recently attended such a means of grace, in the family chapel of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y., for the benefit of the preachers of Rochester District, called together by Dr. Dalby, the presiding elder. About thirty were present. It was not a public meeting. The very name of the meeting implies an escape from the public gaze for the purpose of an unrestrained unobscured to one another of their innermost spiritual condition, their failures, and practical and doctrinal difficulties in the way of a realization of their spiritual ideals.

The meeting was perfectly informal and free, with no set speeches. The leader sat and conversed with the brethren, beginning with the topic of the special temptation arising from a professional handling of the Word of God, seeking truths to apply to others to the neglect of himself. This was illustrated by the story of a devout Roman Catholic in the northern part of Europe who, like the monk Martin Luther, visited Rome, the Holy City, and finding little piety and much vice, hailed a priest on the street and asked him to give a reason for the sad condition of a city which he expected to find brimful of the Christian virtues. The waggish ecclesiastic replied, "Indeed we do manufacture a vast quantity of religion in Rome, but it is all for exportation, not for home consumption."

It was also shown that ministerial success is by no means an infallible proof of personal piety. God sometimes highly honors His own truth, though uttered by a wicked preacher. About a hundred years ago, when Methodism was maligned and persecuted, a comedy was advertised in a New York theatre called "The Methodist Preacher." Calvin Wooster was then stationed in that city. An actor resembling him, dressed in a shad-bellied coat and white hat with a broad brim, with saddle-bag on his arm, appeared on the stage, knelt at a chair, arose and took his Bible and hymn-book out of his bag and laid them on a little stand, announced the hymn and sang it himself and offered prayer; but nobody was convicted or converted. He then read his text, Isa. 3: 10, 11: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe to the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." A lady in one of the boxes immediately began to cry for mercy in tones so loud that she had to be removed from the theatre. She continued to pray

till she found pardon. She joined the Methodists and lived a consistent and active Christian and at last died triumphant. Our Saviour's solemn words convey the alarming truth that a preacher may apparently have brilliant success while he is himself unconverted - "Many will say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." We wish that Jesus could have truthfully said "a few" instead of "many;" that He had described liberalists who deny the Lordship of Christ instead of the advocates of orthodoxy who bow the knee to Him, calling Him Lord; and that He had portrayed men openly vicious and manifestly in league with Satan instead of those who benefit society by casting out the devils of oppression, uncleanness, drunkenness and lust. It is evident that Jesus includes quite respectable and useful men who wrought moral reforms, actuated not by love to God and man, but for their professional advancement. In view of these possibilities it becomes us who preach to institute a searching examination of our hearts to see whether we are subordinating the ministry of the Lord Jesus to the Lord Jesus or to selfish ends.

Then it was shown that the minister to the spiritual needs of the people must be eminently spiritual, that there should issue out of his inmost self "rivers of living water." Thus the preachers were led to the question of the permanent fullness of the Holy Spirit as a sharply-defined transition subsequent to regeneration, the leader testifying to such an experience on that very spot twenty-six years before. A few testified to a similar permanent uplift. By this time the spirit of inquiry evinced great spiritual hunger, and the spirit of intercession came down upon the assembly. We never heard more earnest prayers and more candid revelations of the inner spiritual life. One who was present writes: "The conversations were characterized by the utmost frankness and sincerity. Never in the writer's experience has he been present at a Methodist preachers' meeting in which there was such an utter absence of cant."

The last two of the five sessions were occupied chiefly with prayer and testimony, spontaneous and jubilant.

We predict that these preachers will go many days in the strength of the grace imparted in this "retreat," and that their churches will not fail to discover that their pastor has returned to them "like a cloud filled with rain."

The question now arises: Why not extend this institution to other Conferences until it shall have universal Methodism? Since we have organizations for many inferior interests, why not have an annual assembly for the sole purpose of promoting the spiritual life of those who minister to us in spiritual things?

The editor of the *Northern*, Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, suggests another benefit arising from pastors' retreats: "The social fellowship of such a retreat must also be one of its most helpful features. Those who meet as brothers, trying to help each other to deeper acquaintance with God, are likely to become lovingly and helpfully acquainted with one another. Only a divine life can grace human friendship with richest beauty and tenderness."

While the initiation of such a movement on every district properly belongs to the presiding elder, the preachers can exercise their right of suggestion, request and petition. We have never yet seen a presiding elder who did not desire the highest efficiency of his preachers.

Milton, Mass.

AMONG THE MORAVIANS.

Mrs. J. T. Gracey.

THE Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., have invited the Philadelphia Annual Conference to hold its next session in their commodious church. There is in this fact an element of historic poetry, and the fraternal expression has far more than ordinary interest. Whether Methodism would ever have been without Moravians, or whether, being at all, it would have the spiritual energy it has exhibited had not Mr. Wesley met Zinzendorf and other members of the Unity Brethren, are scarcely problems for speculation. It was the Moravians who questioned Mr. Wesley so closely about his religious experience as to oblige him to write in his journal: "I went to America to convert the Indians, but, oh! who shall convert me?" It was in a Mo-

ravian prayer-meeting that he experienced conversion, and wrote: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ alone for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." At this time Mr. Wesley was thirty-five years old. It is with peculiar interest, therefore, that the Moravians of Bethlehem propose to be the host of the Philadelphia Conference in March next. Bishop Levering on a recent Sabbath, at a service which the writer attended, referred beautifully to the early and intimate association of Wesley and Zinzendorf, and told the congregation of the pleasure that awaited them in their homes, as in their church.

Bethlehem

is to American Moravians what Herrnhut, Saxony, is to the European community - their chief ecclesiastical centre. Here they located in 1740 in order that they might evangelize and civilize the Indian. The policy of this church has been always to go to the lowest and most abandoned in difficult and dangerous fields. They were the first to cross the Atlantic upon an errand purely evangelistic, and yet their work is not familiar to the general Christian church. When they settled in Bethlehem they secured large tracts of land, and soon organized their church and developed their various institutions; and so the locality is of unfailing interest. There is a church of two thousand adult members, a central organization with two smaller churches, a Theological Seminary, Publishing House, Parochial School, Widows' Home, Sisters' House, Young Ladies' Seminary, and other buildings. These are all of stone, most substantially built, and all in one locality. The old chapel, built in the early days and now used for German services, has been supplemented by a large and commodious house of worship, seating more than any other church in the city. Something of the old circuit system prevails, and the pastors of the three churches alternate in their services. The church is very thoroughly organized, having no less than thirty-two societies, in one or more of which every one in the congregation, young and old, is expected to work, and one in five of the total resident communicant membership is engaged in the service of the church by official appointment.

The Moravian Church is essentially

A Missionary Church.

It being held by them that every member of a true Christian church is a supporter of missions; hence everybody is trained to give, and the work carried on by them in the foreign field is as familiar as are the details of their own local work. There are six distinctive missionary societies in this church. Their woman's society, organized as early as 1818, requires by constitution that of the annual amount raised by them \$50 shall be paid into the general treasury and the remainder distributed to special objects in response to appeals from mission-fields having particular needs.

They have a beautiful system of caring for their own poor. The Sisters' House is for the unmarried women who from ill-health or other cause are unable to provide for themselves. The church puts around them its protecting arms, and provides for their temporal wants in comfortable quarters. The Widows' Home is a quiet retreat where live the widows of their deceased ministers. About eighty are now provided for, and that for life. This is one of the oldest beneficial associations in this country.

On the Sabbath morning referred to above, the services of the church were conducted by Bishop Levering, their resident Bishop, who preached an able and very helpful sermon on the manifestation of the Spirit and power of Christ in the church at the present day. It was a most encouraging outlook from a missionary standpoint. While the Bishop is a Bishop, still he is one among his brethren, a regular pastor, and receives the same salary as the other pastors. No salary in the church, I was told, exceeds \$1,500.

In the Archives, which are located in the church, are to be found a very fine collection of books, manuscripts, records, portraits and drawings of great historical value. Adjoining the Archives is the Mallin Library, a collection of books regarding the history of their church, donated by William G. Mallin, for half a century steward of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia.

The Moravians use a ritual and observe the chief festivals of the Christian year, as well as memorial days noteworthy in their own history. Christmas is a great occasion with them, and no church surpasses them

in the jubilant character of Easter services.

Nineteen Love-Fests

of various kinds are ordinarily held in the course of the year, one of them in connection with the Young Men's Missionary Society, and I considered myself fortunate in being present on this occasion. The love-feast is neither a prayer nor testimony meeting, but a part of the regular church service. After the opening exercises, women wearing little white caps and white aprons entered, bearing in their hands baskets filled with a beautiful raised biscuit or bun, and in a very few minutes distributed them to the entire congregation of about eight hundred persons. These were followed by men bringing in trays on which were mugs of coffee. These who distributed the coffee and cakes are called "sacristans," and are elected to such service by the church and continue in it for life. While the congregation partook of the coffee and buns, the choir rendered some exceptionally fine music, and a spirit of devoutness characterized the entire proceedings. When everything had been quietly and expeditiously removed, the meeting went on with the reading of the annual report of the society, followed by missionary letters from fields where these young men had been supporting work. During the reading of these letters the great interest manifested by all in the congregation was very noticeable.

Womanlike, I had a curiosity to know how such delicious coffee could be made for such a large number of persons, and was shown the *modus operandi* in the basement. The sisters who do this work have had such experience that they never fail, and good coffee is always the rule.

The evening service was largely attended, although the weather was very disagreeable. It was the occasion of the fifty-sixth anniversary of the Young Men's Missionary Society. The address was delivered by Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey. The fine music by their choir was very enjoyable. Mrs. John Leibert sang a solo, "Save me, O God!" by Randagger, that was thrilling in its power. The church pays great attention to its music, and trains its singers. There are no paid choirs. Their grand old stately hymns are inspiring. Zinzendorf was in hymnology to the Moravians what Charles Wesley was to Methodism. He wrote over two thousand hymns, and it is stated that he would frequently extemporize one in connection with worship.

In the Young Ladies' Seminary there are some ninety pupils. This institution is just now very prosperous under the very efficient presidency of Rev. J. Max Hark, D.D. This is the oldest building for seminary purposes in the United States. It was opened for a church school as early as 1749, converted into a boarding school thirty-four years later, and takes a high rank in its educational standard. More than seven thousand of its alumnae have spread its reputation over the country. We found as pupils two young women from the Hawaiian Islands, nieces of the ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

The Moravian Cemetery

is located near the church. In the earlier days they buried their dead separately - the men on one side, the women on the opposite side, and so with the children - but this custom has been done away with. The stones are all small, and laid flat upon the graves, recording only names and dates, unless in some exceptional cases. The Juliana Nitschmann tomb is one of the exceptions. She was a distinguished deaconess of the church, and wife of Bishop John Nitschmann, who died in Bethlehem in 1751, and as a mark of distinction she was buried in the centre of what was then the middle walk of the graveyard.

Rev. Mr. Brodhead is the pastor of the Methodist Church. His wife is a daughter of the late Dr. John F. Chaplain, of the Philadelphia Conference. Mrs. Chaplain resides with her daughter. Mr. Brodhead will be found a competent host for the Conference, and its meeting there will be a great inspiration to Methodism.

Rochester, N. Y.

Jesus had many titles - some selected by Himself, others given to Him. But the favorite was the one chosen by Himself, Son of Man. This fact means something, and when He chose that title He did it with a profound purpose. It means that He is the representative man, that He stands for all that is good in humanity. Jesus as a man was not limited to any race or nation, like Mahomet in Arabia, Moses in Judea, Confucius in China, or Buddha in India. The religion of Jesus belongs to man. It has proved itself to be adapted to every nation, and we have splendid types of Christianity in every land the sun shines on. - Robert McIntyre, D. D.

MODERN METHODIST SERMONS.

I.

Rev. Wallace MacMullen.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—
Eph. 5: 16.
"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, re-
deeming the time."—Col. 4: 5.

THE use of the exhortation in two letters of the Apostle suggests how important its duty seemed to his own heart. The margin of the Revision gives the true rendering—"Buying up the opportunity." We are to allow no moment to slip unscrutinized through our hands. The age is a market-place richly stocked with chances to get and give. We are to be alive to their value. We are to be alert in their purchase and use. Let us make a double application of the Apostle's appeal: first, to our Needs; second, to our Duties.

Our Needs.

As souls partly grown, needing enrichment, enlargement, what shall be our attitude to our age?

1. *Note Paul's example.* Paul was intensely Jewish, but he was more. A "Pharisee sprung from Pharisees" was his account of himself. Not lax in reverence for Jewish history and tradition as a Sadducee might have been; recognizing and emphasizing the value of oracles and covenants; versed in law; faithful in ordinances. But he was also a Roman citizen of a distinguished city. Dr. W. M. Ramsay notes the fact that in the first century, when Roman citizenship was highly prized and jealously guarded, the possessor of that dignity was put thereby amid the aristocracy of any provincial town. And since this honor belonged to Paul by birth and not by purchase, it is probable that his family was distinguished and moderately wealthy. His appeal to his citizenship in crises of his ministry shows how he prized it. His friendly treatment by Roman authorities on more than one occasion suggests how it had molded him. He had not the narrow, exclusive Jewish spirit. His breadth, indeed, would be an inevitable outcome of his distinctive commission to the Gentiles, but it would be primarily due to his early surroundings and training. Indeed, it is not difficult to believe that his call by God to a world-wide ministry was based upon his possession of world-wide sympathies. There is an inherent fitness in the choices of God.

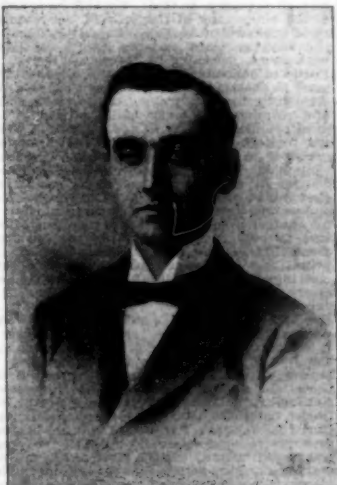
Now out of this breadth of spirit in Paul there came breadth of outlook; a fair, reasonable view of his age; a wholesome attitude toward it and a just estimate of its needs and values. Paul was no bigot. He did not believe that a Jew had a monopoly of virtue nor that his ancestral faith had a monopoly of truth. He himself tells us that he adapted himself to his hearers; that is, his bearing toward them was friendly and not antagonistic. And with one of Paul's passionate earnestness and sincerity such a course must have been more than a matter of policy. It was the admission of his own truthful soul that there were good things in the lives of those to whom he spoke. And to these things that were noble he appealed. He did not violently attack current philosophies in his original preaching; he did expose the fallacies of those philosophies in his letters, as in this to the Colossians, when they threatened the simplicity of Christian truth and perverted the minds of Christian believers. Nor did he ridicule crude religious beliefs. He was courteous, just and generous in the cities of Galatia as in the Areopagus at Athens, acknowledging existing truth and adding to it from the fullness of the glorious Gospel until "Christ had been placarded before their eyes." This, then, is the attitude of the representative of the Most High God—gracious, considerate, sensible; clear in his view of the evil of the days, but also wise in his perception of all existing excellences and merits.

2. *What shall be our attitude toward our age?* There are souls who are very earnest, but whose views seem very narrow. They conceive of the world as a ship fast breaking up and driving on to complete wreck. The business of the Gospel is to rescue as many as possible from the doomed hulk and keep them in the safe enclosure of a religious life. Escape is their definition of salvation. Scorn is the proper attitude to maintain toward the great, complex world-life, with pity for those who have not yet been guaranteed against its doom. The world's varied activities are not only worthless, but dangerous. They are all to be carefully shunned. Now real cannot save that view from being a travesty of the kingdom whose growth was to be like that of the grain of mustard seed, with widening, compelling influence like that of the leaven in the meal.

There are multitudes to whom the characteristics of the present age are all alarming. They think with longing regret of the good old days and the old safe habits and methods. Modern, educational activity seems to them a very doubtful boon. Some, whose narrow circumstances and lack of opportunity are sufficient explanations of their attitude, cheerfully sing the praises of ignorance and predict the doom of those who are ungodly enough to be eager to know. As though brains and religion were sworn foes, engaged in a feud that is to be eternal! Others, who appreciate the practical value of a trained mind, yet treat education timidly as a somewhat dangerous ally, to be eased as fire, lest it master us. Modern intellectual activity is, to their minds, confusing and, on the whole, deadly to faith. Modern literature, so vast and varied, is a tempting field indeed, but the

flowers are few and the poisonous weeds are many.

Now of course it would be false to indiscriminately commend our age. Eulogy needs to be moderate. In our literary work there is plenty of sewerage left, though there is not so much as formerly. The appetite for literary garbage is not so ravenous as it was. And in our restless movements, political, social and industrial, there is a sad lot of bad work. Cor-



Rev. Wallace MacMullen.

Rev. Wallace MacMullen, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Pa., is of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was born in Ireland, Aug. 21, 1868. His parents removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., when he was but two years old, and he made his home in that city for twenty years. His father, Rev. David MacMullen, is prominently connected with the New York East Conference. Rev. Wallace MacMullen, when quite young, took an active part in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, and for four years served as one of their secretaries. After a thorough education in the public schools he entered Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., graduating with honor in 1892. Soon after, he received an appointment to Trinity Church, Springfield, Mass., where he remained for the full term of five years, at the termination of which he was appointed to Grace Church, beginning his pastoral duties in the spring of 1893.

ruption, snobbery, artificiality, selfishness, are still rampant. But there is something besides carnion, and we will find the better food, unless, vulture like, we have a special affinity for the bad.

Take the realm of thought. There is much that is noble in our modern literature. That is true in many of its realms. In fiction there is not only artistic work, but high purpose and serious, earnest portray. The simple, pure, true things in life are portrayed. The moral beauties and forces of the soul are recognized and treated reverently. The leader of a certain school of literary art said not long ago in a Boston address that the great New England leaders of thought—Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier—were defective artists because they were Puritans; their work was too ethical to be artistic. He was sharply and rightly rebuked by Mrs. Phelps-Ward in her recently published "Literary Reminiscences." She reminds him that it is the business of art to take note of life; that no art can be symmetrical which ignores that moral element which so tremendously predominates in common human experience; that conscience must be dropped out of life before it can be dropped out of story. She is unquestionably right, and there are many spirits kindred to her in the ranks of authors. Even negative writers, who treat God as an unknown quantity, feel and tell the pressure and the power of duty. And there is plenty of good, hopeful, wholesome philosophy abroad. Those dreary prophets of a fast-coming night—to whom the times are not only out of joint but in the grip of a deadly disease, who see no goodness but regard us all as a lot of degenerates—make us feel that their very shrieks of despair are cries of pain from souls outraged by their own lack of faith. Their philosophy is abnormal and has its reason not so much in existing world evils as in their own spiritual barrenness. Take our modern religious literature. What volume, reach, insight, passion, it has! Was Christ ever so prominent? ever so studied? ever so loved? Even the fiction which weaves stories of more or less merit around His matchless life, and of which we have had so much recently, is a revelation of the fast-spreading desire to get near Him. There is a "new breath" in our modern theology—and a new life. We have multitudes of superb works critical and constructive from the pens of those who adore Jesus—whose perpetual attitude is that of prostration before Him. Why should we fear such writing, glowing, as it does, with the fire of spiritual passion? Some people do so fear. Is it hard to believe that God is active in the thinking of those who love Him? Is God present in the world of natural force and absent from the world of human life? We have had much modern emphasis on the truth of God's omnipresence, from philosopher and from poet. Tennyson said,—

"Glorious those, without thee:
And thou fulfill'st thy doom
Making him broken pleasure,
A stifled splendor and protest."

And to the poet's plea and protest we yield in-

stinctive assent. But is it not passing strange that, feeling Him to be

"Closer than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet,"

present in the throbbing forces of material nature, present in a large way in human history, we should yet fail to feel Him in current thought—even the thought of the minds "stayed" on Him? Let us learn to get in touch with the best things in our reading. "Read the saints," as James T. Fields once said was his custom. Feel the thrill and throb of the surging Christ-life in the thought of today.

And our "practical" activities today. What about them? The Outlook had a series of articles recently on "The Higher Life of Our Great Cities." There is such a higher life. Civic clubs, municipal leagues, Christian leagues, college settlements, forward movements, are the evidences of a new interest in and new purposes concerning righteousness, political, social, individual, Divine righteousness for our cities, which are indeed the centres of life and storm in our civilization. Man's humanity to man is deeper and broader than it was. There is more pity, more justice, more benevolence, more intolerance of sham, a fiercer, straighter-backed sincerity among men. Find these things—these forces. Feel them, welcome them, exult in them, buy them out, surrender to them!

Our Duties.

This is the special point of the Apostle's appeal. He is studying the Christian's relation to his fellow-men—"buying up your opportunities to serve them." He is not, then, outlining a selfish policy. The age is, he suggests, a market-place, full of treasure. But Christian souls are not to do their marketing for the purpose of getting choice bits of personal benefit, but to get chances to serve. This is the suggestion of the general setting of the text. In your relations to your fellows buy to the full your opportunities to help them. Note here,—

1. *The motive.* "Because the days are evil." See the effect a sad fact has upon a robust soul. "The days are evil." Is that truth a depressing weight? No, it is a sharp spur. Some have said, "The days are evil; therefore we will retire to caves and dens and monasteries, to wearlome vigils and cruel mortifications of the flesh and solitary prayers and meditation." Some modern worshippers say, "The intellectual days are evil; the theological, critical days are evil; therefore we will not read, we will assure ourselves that the blinding light of modern knowledge and modern method is only a flash in the pan, or perhaps a gleam from the lurid fire of the pit—we will keep in the subdued light of a fading past." And citizens say, "The political days are evil; therefore we will take no interest in politics, we will stay away from primaries, we will gather close about ourselves the robes of our safe, useless citizenship, lest they get soiled." Now the apostolic method and appeal are just the opposite. "The ecclesiastical days are evil?" Then fight the evil. Don't stay outside the church to criticize it; come inside and help purge it. "The critical days are evil?" Then wrest the critical work away from those whose criticism is negative, rationalistic, faith-destroying, and give it into the hands of those who are devout, and then let them do their work without nagging them. "The political days are evil?" Then don't stay at home and be lazy. Wrestle with the entrenched evil. What are your moral muscles for?

And how is it possible to see the evil and yet keep brave and hopeful? By seeing God too. Why should evil days dim our vision of God? Paul met evil—ecclesiastical hate, philosophic scorn, imperial indifference, and then persecution. Stones and rods bruised him, hunger weakened him, mad mobs threatened him, prisons shut him in, Roman chains galled him. Did the vision of God fade out of his life? Jesus saw evil—the steady glitter of hate in the eyes of religious leaders, the rough violence of hard soldiers, the coarse selfishness of temple degraders, the sensual faces of harlots, the cunning faces of publicans. Evil mocking Him, tempting Him, insulting Him every day. What then? Couldn't He see God because He saw evil? Did He anticipate the wall of modern pessimism that God doesn't live because evil does live? Ah, no! To His brave, blessed eyes God was always present, shining, sustaining, inspiring, save in that one appalling moment when the tempest of His own chosen redemptive passion shook and blinded Him. "The days are evil." O servants of God, rebuke the evil, attack the evil that darkens and curses the days which God waits to fill!

2. *A method.* Look at the next verse to this Colossian text: "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." Salt makes speech wholesome, but makes it palatable as well. There was a fine grace and courtesy in Paul's ministry. Before Jewish councils, before Roman officials, before the Athenian assembly, his grace was notable. Jesus had unparagoned denunciation for hypocrites, but the sweetest, most gracious tenderness for outcast sinners. There is a great deal of unwritten history about the gracious manner of the Son of God to help account for His popularity with those who avoided the Pharisees. Be gracious as you go on your crusades against the evil which hurts your fellows. Boldness doesn't mean boorishness. Earnestness isn't damaged by good manners. Jesus was as full of grace as He was of truth.

3. *A suggestion of passion.* Think of it! Paul is a prisoner. He must be very weary. Hasn't he earned the right to rest? Whatever may be true as to his rights, he has no disposition

to rest. "Pray for us, that God would open a door of utterance." Nothing can daunt him. The time of his imprisonment gives opportunity for new ministry. Bonds, vexatious delay in the matter of his trial, guarding soldiers, all the retainers of the emperor's household, prove to be fuel to feed the flame of his passion to serve. The text suggests service as life's passion. We should regard our age as notable—not merely because of its material wealth, its exact knowledge, its amazing inventions, its industrial triumphs, but because it is so inspiringly stocked with opportunities to serve. Is not that a noble, an ideal, passion? When we contrast with that the low passions which move men, our souls are sad that there are so many to whom the muck-rake is more interesting than the radiant angel. Think of those who give themselves to the lowest. We have read of that picture in the Luxembourg at Paris called "The Decadence of the Romans." A stately hall is filled with revelers. A youth with a wreath upon his head is perched upon a pedestal. Another, leaning, is holding a dripping goblet to the marble lips of a statue. From the brutalized faces all traces of the old Roman dignity have gone. They are in striking contrast with the noble features of the statues which fringe the hall. But they are strikingly like many similar faces to be found in Paris. And the significant fact is that the models for the faces were found by the painter in the streets of Paris. That old story about Leonardo da Vinci finding a noble youth, engaged in cathedral service, to serve as model for his Christ in his famous painting "The Last Supper," and then long after getting the same youth, his face then coarse and sensual by long sinful indulgence, to serve as model for his Judas, is simply an illustration of a perpetual process. So many multitudes in the grip of drink and gambling, who get to prize life mostly for the opportunities it brings for the gratification of their own low lusts! How horrible it is! And there are so many other multitudes who are only for material treasures—not for life's noble things of truth and duty; who gain the "world" and can gratify every taste, and travel as they please to view strange beauties and gayeties. They prize life as full of opportunity to make money and win ease and enjoyment. And there are the thoughtless multitudes whose passion is pleasure. To me it is appalling to notice that in our street cars the advertisements of leading stores make a specialty of such prices; and far more appalling to be told on high authority that the chief subject of conversation in certain circles of fashionable young ladies is "the euchre party." I will not believe that these are samples of our young people in general. It cannot be true that our young people haven't brains enough, breadth enough, height enough, soul enough, to feel the pull, the plea, the glory, of beautiful Christly service for others. What an awful irony it is that our leading society (so-called) can be engrossed with gossip about balls and theatres and card-parties and haven't any time or wish to discuss the poor and wretched and sinful, and plan crusades of righteousness and love. Is that the social leadership to follow?

Oh, to kindle in the fire of this apostolic passion to serve! Go marketing in the days. Buy up eagerly every chance to help needy souls and bodies. These opportunities to serve this evil, darkened age will soon be over. Let the thought of the rapidly nearing end thrill us to new endeavor. What you have received from the age, of light and warmth and wealth, are bonds, obligations, imperatives of God commanding you to give. The eagerness of an alert buyer! What a beautiful attitude to maintain toward our duties! How it suggests that duties are not to be weights, but wings!

"Joy is a duty,"—so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbi taught in days of yore;
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

"But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom heavy tasks employ,
'Life is divine when duty is a joy.'"



"We know it makes
the nicest cakes."

Cleveland's
Baking Powder



Re-opening of Trinity Church, Springfield.

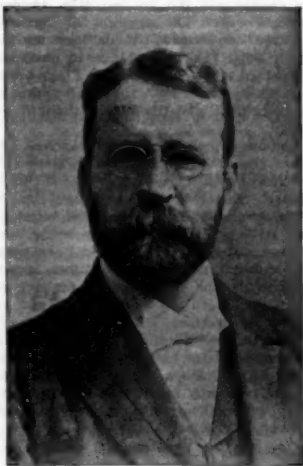
THE audience-room of Trinity Church was reopened for divine worship Sunday last, with very large congregations. Bishop Charles H. Fowler preached in the morning, and Prof. Wm. North Rice in the evening. The re-opening services will be continued on Sunday next, with sermons by Rev. Wm. Naat Brodbeck, D. D., and Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., presiding elder. The improvements began four months ago. The committee began, by great skill and patience, has brought them to completion, consists of B. D. Rising, chairman, D. F. Ludington, Rev. Dr. Wm. Rice, L. C. Smith, R. R. Cleeland, Dr. Newton Morgan, and O. L. Cowles. Great praise is due to this committee both for its devoted labors and for the unusual taste displayed. Several members have given almost their entire time to this work, notably Mr. L. C. Smith, whose long practical experience made his services of great value.

The original purpose was to paint the outside woodwork of the building and improve the interior of the audience-room. For these improvements \$3,500 was asked in advance, and the pastor easily obtained good subscriptions amounting to nearly \$3,900. The total expenditure, however, has been more than twice that sum. The vestries had already been subjected to a thorough cleansing, and had been fitted with improved lights. For these nothing further was deemed necessary, but after the work on the audience-room had gone on for two months, a fire occurred which so damaged the lower rooms that they also had to be embraced in the plan of improvements. The damage to the improvements above was only slight. The insurance companies allowed all claims, and from them the committee received \$1,400. This sum, it was felt, would make the vestries as good as they were; but with this the church was not satisfied. Some structural changes were thought necessary, and these have been made. At the back a new lavatory has been built, and on the west side, near to the rear, a gracefully proportioned kitchen has been added. The latter is a special project of the women of the church, and they already have most of the money necessary to pay for it. This kitchen is fitted with all modern conveniences, and in the new scheme the sanitary arrangements have been made perfect. The lowering of the floor in the woman's parlor brings that room on a level with the primary room and the men's parlor, and all these can now be thrown into one. The walls and ceilings in both the large and smaller vestries have been tastefully frescoed, and all the woodwork and chairs newly varnished. The vestry windows are also new, and the rolled cathedral glass, besides looking very elegant, has improved the light in these rooms. The large vestibules have been frescoed, and on the floor and stairways new matting has been laid.

After the repairs on the audience-room had been well started, Mrs. Dexter Smith, who had already given largely to the general fund—who, in fact, started that fund—offered to donate an entire set of handsomely decorated windows for that room. These are a memorial for her husband and daughter, and they are very beautiful. Dr. William Rice, who also gave liberally to the first subscription, has since donated a beautiful marble baptismal font, to stand not far from the communion table. This is in memory of his father, who was the most active spirit in organizing this church fifty-two years ago, and was afterwards, for twenty years, treasurer of its board of trustees. Another memorial takes the form of a handsome pulpit Bible and hymnal, given by his widow to commemorate Wm. M. Collins, a brother dearly beloved, who died two years ago.

In addition, a steel ceiling has been put over the auditorium, and a new carpet on the floor. The frescoing of this room is extremely chaste, and the harmony of shading throughout could hardly be excelled. The new system of electric lighting is unique. Twelve reflectors on the front side of each of the five beams stretching across the room—sixty reflectors in all—throw down a soft light which is equally distributed, and the source of which is in part hidden from the congregation. Formerly the organ, which stands back of the pulpit, was played from the side, and the choir were at the side. This has now been changed, so that the organ, greatly enlarged and supplied with an electric motor, will now be played from the centre. The choir gallery is also in front, and the pulpit platform has been brought forward to make this possible. A slight readjustment of seats was necessary, but the general arrangement is as before. The pulpit furniture is newly upholstered in a subdued tone of blue. The entire outlay for all the

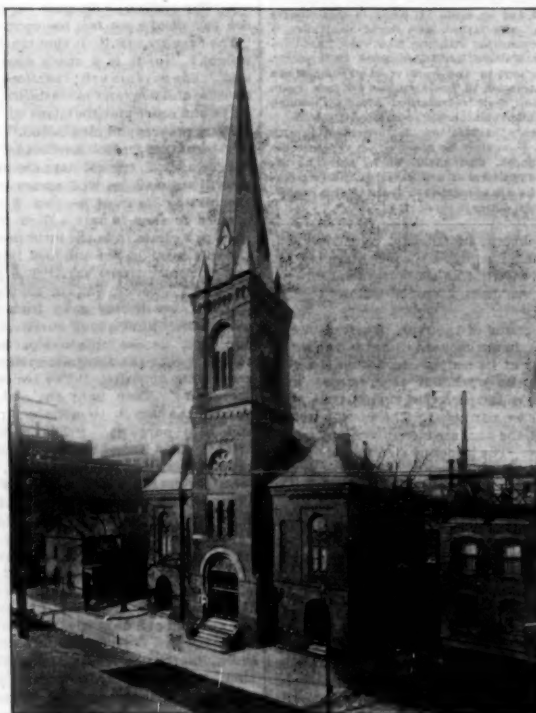
improvements, upstairs and down, including what has been done to the outside, has been \$9,075. This is all provided for, save a small balance of about \$1,500. No effort was made to obtain this at the reopening; the pastor is securing it by private subscription. Pastor and



Rev. Henry Tuckley, D. D.
Pastor of Trinity Church.

people are very happy over their achievements, as they now have a church property which has been improved and beautified in every part. The sittings are more fully taken for the year, which began Jan. 1, than for a long time previously, and all signs point to a prosperous future for this strong church.

Bishop Fowler's sermon in the morning was



Trinity M. E. Church, Springfield, Mass.

one of his greatest efforts. For something over an hour he painted picture after picture, the central figure in each being the lowly and now wondrously exalted Galilean. It was many years since the Bishop had been in Springfield. Those who saw and heard him then were delighted to discover that he still retained the old-time vigor, and was, if anything, more brilliant and convincing in his reaches of thought than in years long gone. Seldom has a congregation listened with closer attention or with more obvious effect. His opening was deliberate and calm, but he soon began to rise toward a climax, and, after reaching it, would immediately start off in search of another, each exceeding in interest the one previously made, until at the close feeling was so high that the audience was sorry to have him stop. This sermon, in addition to its other good results, greatly whetted the appetite of the people for his lecture the following night on "Abraham Lincoln." The Bishop's text was Phil. 2: 9; his subject, "The Exaltation of Christ." The writer had hoped to catch an abstract during its delivery, but was prevented from doing so and can only, therefore, offer the foregoing characterization of this great discourse as a poor substitute.

Prof. Wm. North Rice preached in the evening, holding the close attention of his large audience as in choice language and scholarly thought he spoke on "The Characteristics of a True Christian Church." His text was Hebrews 10: 19-25, and the following is a brief abstract of his line of thought: The Epistle to the Hebrews is a letter without address, date, or signature. Only by internal evidence can we infer by whom, to whom, and when it was written. Certainly not by Paul. Probably by Apollos, as first suggested by Luther. Written apparently to a church consisting chiefly or exclusively of Jews. Hence most commentators have believed that it was written to the church in Jerusalem. Must have been written after martyrdom of James and Paul, and before destruction of Jerusalem. Its object was to prevent its readers from apostatizing from Christianity and going back to Judaism. The argumentative part of the

epistle sets forth the superiority of Christianity to Judaism. The priesthood of Jesus is set forth as superior to the Levitical priesthood, and the ceremonies of Judaism showed to be types of Christian truth. A commentary on the words of Jesus, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." The hortatory part of the Epistle is a most eloquent appeal to faithfulness in Christian duty. The text comes at transition from argumentative to hortatory portion. It sets forth the characteristics which must show themselves in the life of a Christian Church: 1. The priesthood of Jesus must be recognized as the fundamental principle in thought and life. The one transcendent manifestation of God, the one way of approach to God. Yet this recognition of the supremacy of Christ does not require a rigid dogmatic orthodoxy. Loyalty to Christ as the way, the truth and the life, is consistent with much diversity in theoretical belief. 2. Purity of character. Members of a true church must be characterized by intense goodness, not simply by freedom from gross inconsistencies and scandals. Memory of holy lives is the most precious heritage of any church. 3. Mutual incitement to usefulness. The church has grown to be a mighty organization. Organization is at once its strength and its weakness. Danger of trusting too much to machinery. Best things cannot be done by machinery. Men and women must be saved by personal effort—by contact with consecrated lives. 4. Inspiration to holy endeavor must be derived from assemblies of the church. Meetings of the primitive church were what we now call social meetings. Development of a clerical body necessary and useful, but becomes injurious if it suppresses freedom and spontaneity of life of the laity. Methodist Church has especially emphasized social meetings. Will lose its power if it ceases to do so. 5. Faith in the unseen and the future. Change of opinion in regard to second advent. We no longer look, as did the Christians of the first generation, for speedy coming of the Lord in spectacular majesty. But Christ comes to the individual in death; and Christ comes to the church and the world in every great revival and reformation, in all the progress of civilization. By the glory of the millennial future we are inspired for present duty. This theme is especially appropriate when a church edifice is reopened for Christian work. Shall the newly decorated temple stand, like St. Paul's without the walls at Rome, in wasteful and useless beauty, emblem of a faith only historic, of a

The Improvements at St. Paul's Church, Lowell.

WE have already made brief mention of the great changes for the better effected in old St. Paul's, Lowell, the seat of the coming session of the New England Conference. The importance of the work accomplished seems to demand a more extended description, for it is safe to say that the past year has seen few more heroic efforts crowned with more complete success than in the case of this historic church. Much more than the space which even now we can give to the matter would be necessary to do justice to the labors put forth and the sacrifices made by pastor and people. Suffice it to say, that while the outside remains substantially the same, the interior has been totally transformed and could in no way be recognized as the same room. The old-fashioned windows have been displaced by cathedral glass of a remarkably bright and pretty pattern. Instead of the former uninteresting dullness and dinginess of white walls and ceilings, there is now a tinted decorated surface, delicate greens and old ivory predominating, on whose chaste Greek patterns the eye rests with much quiet delight. In front of the organ, whose case has been remodeled and repainted to match its surroundings, a new choir loft has been constructed. The galleries which formerly ran the full length of the building have been shortened on either side, and ended in graceful, sloping curves. The old straight-backed pews, so painful in their plainness and angularity, have gone, and very comfortable seats, arranged at a convenient angle to the pulpit, now better accommodate the worshippers. New chandeliers suited for gas or electricity make things cheerful at night. The vestries, also, have been entirely remodeled, made wonderfully bright and attractive, and suited in every way to modern needs. The floors of both vestry and auditorium were considerably raised. The improvements have been steadily in progress since last May, and the outlay has been over \$10,000.

It is not too much to say that the pastor, Rev. F. K. Stratton, has done some of the best and hardest work of his life in engineering this movement, and he has been ably seconded by Mrs. Stratton, as well as by many members of the church. Under a less energetic and persistent leader it is very doubtful if anything would have been done, although the extremity of the need has been apparent. The dedication day, Jan. 24, was one of the most memorable in the long history of the old brick building. Bishop Mallais's sermon, Dr. Couch's money-raising, Mrs. Stratton's original hymn, the fine singing by soloists, quartet, and chorus will long be remembered. It was a wonderful triumph, after what had been previously given, that the whole sum needed—\$5,000—was pledged, even if the pastor did have to make himself responsible for the final \$500.

The commemorative services during the week were a little disturbed by the severe storm of Thursday, which necessitated the dropping out of Dr. Brodbeck's address on "Revivals." Major General Howard, on Friday night, gave an interesting lecture on "Grant at Chattanooga." The Epworth League of the North District had control all day Wednesday, and an interdenominational gathering—addresses being given by some of the pastors of the city—took place Tuesday. St. Paul's, though bending under the weight of seventy years, will now renew her youth, gathering her children around her and raising up new forces to assault the strongholds of sin.

To New Hampshire Pastors and Laymen.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I am glad to know that many are interested and anxious about the liquor question in our Legislature. Many have written to me asking, "Can we help you?" Yes, you can.

Those best informed say, "The House is overwhelmingly for prohibition." So is the Senate. But we are taking no risks. There are four bad bills—the Pillsbury, the Pindar, the Minard, and the Elwell. They will all be printed this week. The first is an attempt to "tinker" sec. 23 of chap. 112. That is known as "the moiety section." That principle applies to about forty of our statutes. To take it away from our boys and leave it to apply to pickpockets will show what "our friends the enemy" are after. The sole purpose is to so weaken our law as to make it less risky to violate it. What has been done, and is being done, in Nashua, Laconia, and Franklin—all cities—can be done in every place in our State. Don't question that.

See your legislators when at home next week, or write to them, singly or by letters with several signatures, and let them see that you are interested in this question. Such work now will be more effective than hours of talk to those not in authority. Lodges, divisions, official boards, etc., can also do good work just as for right and righteousness. "Help."

Concord, N. H.

D. C. BARBOCK.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

\$500 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY!

We have had a number of word contests in the past and prizes have been awarded fairly. The owner of every winning list has received prize, and all testify to the square dealing of Mr. Plummer. In entering this contest you are sure of getting the money to which your list entitles you. We first adopted these word contests this season. We have given away \$500, since we began these word contests, to 94 persons, and would like to publish the names and addresses of all the winners, but it would take too much space. We do publish, however, the names and addresses of the winners of first prizes in each of our preceding contests. Here they are: \$500—Dr. E. H. H. Burr, West Winfield, N. Y.; \$100—Mrs. O. H. Coolidge, 50 Maple St., Andover, Vt.; \$50—Mrs. Emily Burr, West Winfield, N. Y. This is our largest and best contest. We give

\$500 FREE 61 Prizes, aggregating \$500; a Genuine Bona-Fide Offer.

We give nothing for prizes. No trash. Here in our proposition. Who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in INSTRUCTION? You can make twenty or more words, we feel sure, and if you do you will receive a good reward. Do not use any letter more than once. Words spelled alike, but with different letters, pronounce nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, and all other words, are allowed. Anything that is a legitimate word will be allowed. Work it out in this manner: INSTRUCTION: In, Tin, Ton, Min, Son, Sir, Scion, Run, Un, etc. The publisher of WOMAN'S WORLD AND JEWEL, MISS MAJOR, will award \$500 in gold to the person able to make the largest list of words from the letters in the word INSTRUCTION; \$25.00 for each of the next three; \$10.00 for each of the next three; \$5.00 for each of the next nine; and \$2.00 to each of the next forty largest lists—sixty-one prizes in all to the fifty-one largest lists. Don't you think you could be one of these sixty-one? You will enjoy the making of the list. Why not try for the first prize? The above rewards are given free and without consideration for the sake of our income. We have a magazine, thirty-two to thirty-six pages, each page containing four long columns, finely illustrated, and all original matter, long and short stories by the best authors; price \$1.00 per year. It is necessary for you, to enter the contest, to send 25 cents (money-order, silver or stamp) for a three months' trial copy, and to send your list of words, and every person sending the 25 cents and a list of twenty words or more is guaranteed an extra reward by return mail (in addition to a list of words) of a book called "HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL BONNIE BRUSH" by the famous Ian MacLaren. This book has attracted more attention in the United States than any book of recent years. We give a complete unabridged edition, handsomely printed, satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Lists should be sent at once, and not later than April 26. The names and addresses of all contestants will be printed in May next, published April 26. Our publication has been established ten years. We refer you to any of the agencies for our standing. Make your list now. Address JAMES H. PLUMMER, Publisher, 35-37 Temple Court Building, New York City.

Rev. F. B. Meyer's Addresses.

At Mr. Meyer's first address in Tremont Temple he read from the 15th chapter of Jeremiah, and taking the words, "Molding Men as Clay," spoke upon "Self Will," saying, in substance:—

"It hardly needs proving, for it is a matter of common admission that our Christian life is not what the world expects of us, and not what God would have us, did He give us an unfettered hand. I suppose there is no need of a man to come across the Atlantic to prove that your Christianity is unhealthy."

"There is a reason for it—a reason God has prepared to deal with. If you are perfectly honest and sincere to open your heart, an entire revolution will take place in your inner life. And those of you who have been overcome by strong besetting sins shall put your feet upon the neck of your foe. All this is possible."

"Up to this moment the curse of your life is the self-pivot around which your life has revolved. We want to change that pivot."

"I say that there are hundreds of people whose Christian life is not what they expect, what their friends expect. You are a failure. Your living is not as your praying. God hates nothing He has made. He loves us with a passionate affection. If you are not living a perfectly happy religious life, it is not because God had a grudge against you, nor used the wrong machinery to make you ideal. He took you and put you on the wheel of circumstances. He has made you to pass through fire, and every incident has been designed by Him with infinite wisdom and care to evolve the ideal. Look into your life, take your sorrow and pain and say, 'My God, Thou hast permitted all this to come that I might be the saint Thou hast designed me to become!'

"I believe in the unfailing grace and power of God, but I believe that God will not make saints of us against our will. There must be a concurrence on our part. If that is not so, how can you account for your being the man you are today?"

"Everything matters when you deal with God. God works upon the soul by a thousand influences. God has brought you to that point and you have opposed His will. But you did not know that that was the critical point, and God left you for the moment. And after a while, when you thought He had left you forever, He comes back to that point again and says: 'Will you give up that self-indulgence?' And again the clay says, 'No!'

"You will have to get back every one of you beneath the hand of God and ask yourself if you have not thwarted—said 'no' to God. All the teaching, all the preaching, will be futile until you in your soul have settled, 'Am I saying yes to God?'

"I believe if everybody here would be straight with God there would be no more sin on earth with this mission. Will you yield to God? Will you give up to God? He passes through this audience. He says, 'Will you give me the key of your life?' Say yes! Yield to Him. God has found you out. He knows just where you are. He will put you on that wheel, and if you are willing, there is nothing that you may not be today."

"The will is everything. You are what you will, and I ask that you surrender your will to God."

In the afternoon Mr. Meyer read the incident in the 25th chapter of Genesis about Esau's selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, and spoke upon "Castaways." He said, in substance:—

"How many of us are there who have not sold our souls for a mess of pottage? This is not merely an old world story, but it has its counterpart with every one of you. If we knew the secret story of every life here, we should know that there was not one of us who had not at some time in our lives sold before that steaming mess of pottage. Many a man here today knows what it is to take that mess of pottage and lose his birthright, and make of himself a castaway."

"What we need to do today is to come back to the moment when, as a virgin soul, you stood before that masterful temptation, and now you have to ask God to forgive your failure and to restore you to your old condition."

"I want you now to search your hearts, and to see if there is not some mess of pottage, something which is innocent in itself, but which is abominable for you. There may be some indulgence in your life, and that which is natural and right for others is wrong for you, and you know it, because you cannot touch it without its exciting your whole nature and setting it on fire. That has been entering into your life, separating you from Christ and keeping you from having that spiritual power with which God invested you. If you want to get that spiritual power back, you must look that indulgence fair and square in the face and say: 'By God's grace I will break clear away from it.'"

"Men and women, I tell you I have not come here to be enjoyed. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what you think of any talk I give. But what I want you to do is to let the words I speak to you revolutionize your lives and break the things that have been your curse, and give yourselves wholly to God."

"If a man is going to live with God, God will test him, and if you are to serve God after your own fashion when God wants to execute His fashion, God will say: 'I must get some one who will be more pliant.'"

"Our unregenerate life has been perpetually asserting the self-principle, and because of it we have come near being cast away, and there is no help for us. We must deal not only with the branches, but with the root—not only with the manifestations, but with the essential principle."

"What is the substitute for self? I would rather conquer evil by substituting good for it; I would rather expel the dark by putting light in its place. What is a substitute? The riches and the glory of this mystery, which is Christ in you."

Pousse Pâté...

And why not a pie-pusher as well as a coffee-pusher? It's far more necessary. Do you suffer with dyspepsia? Ayer's Cathartic Pills will cure you. Take a

PILL AFTER PIE.

A METHODIST CENTENARIAN.

WILLIAM EARL COOK was 100 years old, Jan. 28, 1897. He has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for seventy-seven years, and an official member seventy-six years. He is the oldest Free Mason in the United States, and the youngest member of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Epworth League in point of election.

"Grandfather" Cook, as he is called, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 28, 1797. In his boyhood days there were but few advantages for an education; but being of a studious disposition, he gained a good education and was able to stand almost without a peer in the affairs of the town.

It was a good old custom that required the



William E. Cook.

boys to be apprenticed to some trade. Mr. Cook was apprenticed to the blacksmith trade, at which he worked until ninety-two years old. He was amply able to fill other positions which the world calls more honorable, and would have filled them but for his attachment to his work.

At the age of twenty he married Eunice Sherman, of New Bedford, Mass., with whom he lived seventy years, she passing on before Dec. 20, 1890. To them was born but one child—a daughter—who married Philip B. Clace, of Portsmouth, with whom he now resides. At his centenary celebration five generations were represented, Grandfather Cook being the first, and Helen G. Allen, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Allen, of Woonsocket, R. I., representing the fifth.

He was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1820, Rev. Daniel Rochester being then pastor of the church. The next year after he united with the church he was put on the official board. He has stood by the pastors. He has stood by the church. He has stood for righteousness throughout his long life. His home has been the preacher's home. His goods he divided freely for Christ's kingdom. He was faithful to the prayer-meeting and class-meeting, where he dealt blows at sin harder than his strong arm dealt upon the anvil. Many times he has stood "in the gap." When others became discouraged and gave up, he took hold with greater cheerfulness and determination, which never failed to inspire the rest. His seventy-seven years of Christian life have been lived above criticism; his business life is without a censure of crookedness.

On the night of his centenary birthday, the Epworth League in its meeting unanimously elected him a member. He is in hearty sympathy with the young and all endeavors to help them. Chapter 546 of the Epworth League congratulates itself on having the oldest member in the United States, and probably in the world; and in that member a heart young enough to sympathize with the object and work of the League.

His health is good, saving occasional dizziness. On his hundredth birthday he enjoyed a romp with his great-great-granddaughter.

His beautiful and noble life is an inspiration to all. We pray the Lord to spare him yet more years to us. J. N. G.

Methodist Sunday-school Workers' Union.

THE first regular meeting of the Methodist Sunday-school Workers' Union was held in Temple St. M. E. Church on Monday evening, Feb. 1. A social hour was held from 5 to 6 o'clock, during which more than 150 of the best workers in the Methodist Sunday-schools of Boston and neighboring towns exchanged greetings, the greater number for the first time.

A most excellent supper followed, after which a short business session was held. A brief account of the organization of the Union was given and a committee appointed to present at the March meeting a list of officers to serve the Union for the ensuing year.

Vice-president Chadwick then introduced, as the first speaker of the evening, Rev. G. H. Clarke, of Malden, who presented the "Aims of the Methodist Sunday-school Workers' Union." The social opportunities and the benefit derived from the intelligent presentation and discussion of advanced methods of Sunday-school work through the monthly meetings of the Union were ably presented by Mr. Clarke, and an earnest plea made for the hearty enlistment of every one present as a member of the Union.

Rev. A. E. Danning, D. D., editor of the *Congregationalist*, was heartily received and gave a scholarly address upon "How to Make the Most of the Sunday-school." Bishop Mallais followed in his most delightful vein, expressing great pleasure at such a splendid gathering of Sunday-school workers, dwelling eloquently upon the great need of the training of the young toward a better attendance upon the preaching service, and earnestly advocating the memorizing of the Holy Word by Sunday-school scholars. Miss Bertha F. Vella then taught the International S. S. Lesson for the next Sunday, giving an admirable model as to the manner in which the gospel truth could be presented to young minds.

Miss N. Mabel Vella, of Lynn, and Prof. D. B. Townner, of Chicago, favored the Union with delightful vocal music during the evening.

One hundred and twenty-five persons were received as members, indicating a most enthusiastic interest, and helping to prove the necessity for such an organization. The evening was one of rare enjoyment and profit to all.

Applications for membership can be sent to Dr. C. H. Wall, chairman of Outlook Committee, 194 Boylston St., Boston.

S. E. REAGAN, Sec.

The Conferences.

N. E. Southern Conference.

Providence District.

Broadway, Providence.—At the fourth quarterly conference Rev. G. E. Brightman was unanimously requested to remain with this church another year. The reports presented showed that the work of the year had been very successful.

Mathewson St.—Large audiences continue to attend the services in the new church. The evening congregations are quite large, the services being of a popular and interesting character.

Tabernacle.—A week of "self-denial" was observed, Jan. 17-24, the result being a substantial offering to the church treasury. An effort is being made to reduce the debt, and it is hoped that at least \$5,500 may be secured before Conference.

Deaconess Home.—The managers of the Home held a reception and sale on Monday, Jan. 25. The attendance was good, and more than \$100 were raised for the work. Contributions of clothing, food and money will be gratefully received. The cases of suffering and destitution are many and the means for relief very limited.

Providence Preachers' Meeting.—Monday, Jan. 25, was "Deaconess Day." Misses Todd, Eckley and Baker gave interesting accounts of their work, and the preachers were convinced that "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

East Greenwich.—An old-fashioned watch-night service was held the last night of the old year. Rev. Dr. Blakeslee of the Academy, and Rev. G. B. Cutter of the Free Baptist Church, assisted the pastor in the exercises. About ninety remained for the midnight consecration service. Beginning with the Week of Prayer, services were held every night for two weeks. Several conversions and a general revival of religious interest were the results. At the fourth quarterly conference, held Jan. 26, all church affairs were reported to be in a prosperous condition, and the pastor, Rev. Ambrose Field, was given a cordial and unanimous invitation to remain for another year. By the faithful efforts of the ladies of the church the debt has been reduced nearly \$300.

Wounded and Paralyzed.

AN OLD VETERAN OF THE WAR AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING HAS A SHOCK OF PARALYSIS.

From the Press, Union, N. Y.

Mr. David G. Talbot is a well-known and respected citizen of Otsego County, New York, residing at Edinboro, who three years ago had a stroke of paralysis, which he attributes to the effects of a wound received on the 16th of June, 1864, before Petersburg, Va., while serving with the New York Heavy Artillery.

The following is his own account of his illness and convalescence, which will be found interesting:—

EDINBORO, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1896.

"On the fifth day of December, 1893, I was taken with a paralytic shock, which affected the whole of the left side, and I could not speak for three weeks. I was confined to my bed for a long time and constantly attended by a physician, though little relief was experienced. My stomach and the muscles of my throat were much affected. I was wounded in June, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., having then lost three fingers of my left hand, and that always affected me in a marked degree, my arm often becoming numb. I should state that on the day I received the stroke, I had two distinct shocks, the first in the morning, which was so light that the doctor was not at all alarmed, but the second nearly finished me up. Ever since the war I had suffered with nervous debility and my condition

Bristol.—A very pleasant event occurred at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 3—the wedding of Miss Clara Augusta Kingsley, daughter of the pastor, Rev. A. W. Kingsley, to Mr. William Harley Thompson, of Fall River. The father of the bride performed the ceremony. The floral decorations were elaborate and beautiful. Only relatives and friends were present. After the ceremony a reception was held, and a luncheon served by Caterer Victor Heib, of Providence. At the fourth quarterly conference of the Bristol Church, held Jan. 26, Rev. A. W. Kingsley was by a very enthusiastic and unanimous vote requested to remain another year, and all the departments of church work were reported as in a flourishing condition.

Providence City Evangelization Union.—Bishop Mallais visited Providence, Friday, Jan. 29, in the interest of this organization. During the day he visited the various churches of the city and vicinity, giving such advice and counsel as seemed needful in each case. The Tabernacle at Olneyville received special attention, and advice was given in regard to the reduction of the crushing debt that rests upon this church. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Mathewson St. Church, which was addressed by the Bishop. The address was earnest, spiritual and practical. It is hoped that this episcopal visit may be productive of much good.

Personals.—The address of Rev. C. H. Smith, of Phenix, delivered at the Providence Preachers' Meeting, has been published in the *Independent*. The subject is "Unideal Social Conditions."

Rev. George W. Anderson has been laboring in evangelistic work with much success at Eikon, Conn. NEMO.

New Hampshire Conference.

Dover District.

Kington has enjoyed a gracious work under the pastorate of Rev. J. W. Rean, by means of which the Sunday-school interest has so largely increased that the attendance at the Plain has very nearly doubled, and the so-called union school at West Kington, under the superintendency of Mr. Albert Nelson, numbers about sixty members, frequently having over fifty in attendance.

The workers at Raymond have been sadly stricken by the sudden death of Rev. J. Mowry Bean after two weeks' illness. On Sunday morning, Jan. 24, as the 9 o'clock church bell was ringing, he crossed the last river. Two weeks previous he had, though in much suffering, preached his last sermon from, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." The quarterly conference, by unanimous vote, Feb. 1, tendered the use of the parsonage to the family of the late pastor, and agreed to pay the claim up to Feb. 1 to his family. They also heartily accepted, by vote, the appointment of Rev. I. Taggart as preacher in charge for the rest of the year. It may be that this will make very natural a joint arrangement for next year between Raymond and East Canada.

East Kington recognizes the necessity for the departure of Rev. W. M. Cleveland from their charge at the end of this year. His service has been very acceptable and profitable, several having confessed the experience of the new birth and a class-meeting having been organized here this year.

Notwithstanding the strange newspaper report of the resignation of his district by Rev. G. W. Norris, he is still very much in evidence among the churches. He spent Sunday, Jan. 31, at Newmarket and Newfield, and found both places in a good spiritual state. Rev. G. M. Tilton was unanimously invited to return to Newmarket, and expressed the hope that the Bishop will so appoint. Courage marks all lines of the work. The young folks gave a complimentary reception to the elder on Saturday evening. Three persons were received on probation and two baptized here by the pastor at this quarterly meeting. Thirteen were received on probation.

(Continued on Page 15.)

was very bad when I was attacked. I am now sixty years old and hardly dared look for anything approaching good health after my life of suffering, but I saw so much said about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the newspapers, and that they were good for paralysis, that I determined to try them. This I did just one year and four months ago. I strictly followed directions and felt better within a week. I am not the same man I was when I began to take Dr. Williams' medicine. My old comrade Norton, who was in the same company and regiment with me, and was a grievous sufferer from general nervous debility, at my recommendation has taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have helped him wonderfully.

"I certify on honor that the above statement is true in every particular."

(Signed) DAVID G. TALBOT.
JOHN C. LAFFERTY.

Witness
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore troubled nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry or overwork. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Family.

MY VALENTINE.

N. A. M. Roe.

In a perfumed box in the old red desk
Lies a faded wreath, as pale
As the faces lost, that come crowding close
To peer through the shrouding veil
Of the years gone by.

The violets sweet in the cedar box
Bring May to the quiet room,
As she brought the light and the glow of
spring
To cheer me in winter gloom
As the years went by.

There's a fading rose in the withered cheek,
A light from the other life
Looks out with a smile from her shining
eyes—
Still shining, my sweetheart wife,
Though the years go by.

Yet mine; and I know if an angel calls
My darling away from me,
I shall still give thanks for the blessing, dear,
The blessing He gave in thee,
All the years gone by.

Worcester, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Here in Thy great world-garden, Lord, we
stand:
Keep us, for here the blossoms blight so fast!
The fruit is dazed in turning from Thy beams
To the biting east — to folly and to sin.
And let all trees, the wildings of the wood
And grafts of rarest culture, wait Thy praise!
— Lucy Larcom.

Not broken wills, not crucified wills, but
consecrated wills, does He seek to pour His
will through. — Rev. Samuel Longfellow.

"Thy will be done" is the key-note to
which every prayer must be tuned. — A. J.
Gordon, D. D.

He who rushes into the presence of God
and hurriedly whispers a few petitions, and
rushes out again, never, perhaps, sees God
there at all. He can no more get a vision
than a disquieted lake can mirror the stars.
We must stay long enough to become calm,
for it is only the peaceful soul in which
eternal things are reflected as in a placid
water. — Arthur T. Pierson, D. D.

Waiting will not take away the chronic
ill, restore nerves and bones, and remove
pain; nor will it bring to the empty arms
and the lacerated heart what they are al-
ways crying for. But waiting brings the
beatitude of God — quiet, peace, strength,
trust, hope — not with the old bound and
jubilation, but other graces, better — quiet,
peace, strength. — J. F. W. Ware.

The imitation of Christ standeth not at
all in outward things. In wealth or in
deepest want, in rank or in utter lowliness,
in a palace or a squalid garret, with ten tal-
ents or with but one, we may walk in His
steps; nor is there any place, from the desert
to the city, from the cathedral to the
log hut on the prairie, nor any condition of
life, from that of St. Louis the King to that
of Santa Zita, the maid-of-all-work, which
has not been rendered more lovely by the
lives of the saints of God. Their footsteps
have illuminated life's deepest valleys, as
well as shone upon its loftiest hills. — Canon
Farrar.

"You can make the clock strike before
the hour by putting your own hands on it,
but it will strike wrong. You can tear the
rosebud open before its time, but you mar
the beauty of the rose." So we may spoil
many a gift or blessing which God is pre-
paring for us by our own eager haste. He
is weaving our lives into patterns of beauty
and strength. He has a perfect plan for
each. Don't pull at the threads of life.
Don't hurry the Almighty's plan. "We
must live by prayer in our ignorance of life.
God's love is the motive of all delay — to
give us unexpected and surprising blessing."
— Anon.

Lord, we are rivers running to Thy sea,
Our waves and ripples all derived from Thee;
A nothing we should have, a nothing be,
Except for Thee.

Sweet are the waters of Thy shoreless sea,
Make sweet our waters that make haste to Thee;
Pour in Thy sweetness, that ourselves may be
Sweetness to Thee!
— Christina Rossetti.

There is no surer way to receive the full
sweetness and blessing of the Gospel than
to carry it to some hungry soul. These full
baskets teach us that in Christ's gift of
Himself as the Bread of Life there is ever
more than at any given moment we can ap-
propriate. The Christian's spiritual expe-
riences have ever an element of infinity in
them; and we feel that if we were able to
take in more, there would be more for us
to take. Other food cloy and does not
satisfy, and leaves us starving. Christ sat-
isfies and does not cloy, and we have always
remaining, yet to be enjoyed, the boundless
stores which neither eternity will age nor a

universe feeding on them consume. The
Christian's capacity of partaking of Christ
grows with what it feeds on, and he alone
is safe in believing that "tomorrow shall
be as this day, and much more abundant."
— Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

In our thoughts let us not forget one
point — time spent in being interrupted is
not time lost. A strong thinker once said:
"No one knocks at my door who is not
sent by God." We are spending time well
when we are paying it out to God, to buy
the things He means our lives to own,
whether He is putting before us a duty to
be done, a friend to be won, a small service
to be rendered, a book to be written, a child
to be consoled, or a house to be set in or-
der. There is time enough given us to do
all that God means us to do each day, and
to do it gloriously. How do we know but
that the interruption we snarl at is the most
blessed thing that has come to us in long
days? . . . We cannot afford to lose a mo-
ment of usefulness, or the sum of our influ-
ence will be less than it might have been.
Suppose each of us should resolve today
that not a minute henceforth should ever
be wasted. What energy there would be
in our lives! What strength! What noble
purpose! What grand results! — Anna
Robertson Brown.

Do we get the most and the best possible
in our bereavements from the truths which
Christ brings to us? Does not our faith's
vision often become so dim with our tears
that we lose sight altogether of the immor-
tality into which our Christian dead have
entered? We say, we believe in the end-
less life; but too often it is such a shadowy,
nebulous thought which we have of it that
no comfort comes from it. We really mourn
our departed friends as lost, while we go on
saying in our creed, "I believe in the life
everlasting." Yet we are robbing our own
hearts of the comforts that God has pro-
vided when we do not take to ourselves the
blessed hopes and consolations of our Chris-
tian faith. We really hold no living friends
with such a sure clasp as that which makes
our saints one ours. There are many ways
of losing living friends; but those
who have passed into God's keeping are
forever beyond the possibility of being lost
to us. Whittier has written in "Snow-
bound": —

"And yet, dear heart, remembering these,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold?
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?"
— Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

THE WINTER WOODS.

James Hockham.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the charm
of the woods has departed when the
frost has sealed the brooks and the snow
sifts down through leafless branches. The
charm has changed — but it is there still.
There is a beauty in the winter woods that
summer, with all its greenery, its wealth of
foliage and bloom, cannot surpass.

If you will take a walk to the nearest
wood, after a heavy snowstorm, you will
find yourself in a wonderland such as one
could hardly imagine outside of a fairy-
book. The scene is so changed from what
you knew it a few short months ago! Then
it was a common wood, with a brown
carpet much littered by brush-wood, and a
canopy of rustling or sighing green over-
head. Now it is a great cathedral — nat-
ure's white cathedral — with marble floor,
pillars adorned with the finest and most
marvelously delicate fretwork, walls of
dazzling purity, and aisles that stretch
away into shining vistas. Everywhere the
lower boughs of the evergreens are bent to
the earth by their load of snow, making
wigwams, one might fancy, for Indian
fairies, if such little creatures ever were;
while the upper boughs droop under great
mats of white, darkening the buried world
like a roof.

The winter woods after a snowstorm give
one a strange sensation of being shut in.
There is no free path in any direction.
The bushes are all tents of white, and the
drooping boughs wall you in on every
hand. You are surprised to find no trace
of your familiar wood-road. The young
trees are so bent over it that they would
bar your passage, even if you could find
where the path began. Very likely you
have had more than one shower-bath of
snow, getting to the open space where you
stand — a little chancel, whence you may
look in all directions down the aisles of the
cathedral.

Is it not beautiful, with the sun shining
through the matted pine-tops and scatter-
ing diamonds and opals wherever there
clings on trunk or twig a feathery wisp of

snow? Everything is so exquisitely pure
and soft and radiant, so delicate, so ethere-
al! When you look at the shameless havoc
your own footsteps and the mere brushing
of your coat have wrought in this feathery
carpeting and dainty frost-tapestry, you
are astounded at your own vandalism.
You feel as one might expect the proverb-
ial bull in a china shop to feel, had that
thick-skulled animal the sensibilities of a
finer organism.

The first spotless snow in the winter
woods is fit only for the delicate-footed
wood-mice, the squirrels and the birds to
tread. The dainty footsteps of these little
creatures, spread out like the veining of a
leaf, make no ugly furrows and pathways
in the carpet of snow. Light as it is, these
tiny folk travel over it like veritable fairies,
fluttering or leaping from mound to mound,
stopping now and then to plunder the
storehouse of a withered weed, or to
pounce upon a red-cheeked berry uncov-
ered by the wind.

How much active, cheerful life there is in
the winter woods, despite the common be-
lief that, by the time the snow falls, the
wild outdoor creatures have mostly gone
into exile or curled themselves up for a
four months' nap. You can scarcely take
five steps into any snow-buried grove be-
fore you come upon the visible, lively rec-
ord of its little furred and feathered in-
habitants and their doings. Here the spar-
rows have been printing vignettes around
some brown-podded weed, and improv-
edly scattering twice as many seeds as
they could eat over the surface of the snow.
Here a ruffed grouse — plump, heavy bird
that it is — has wandered over the white
surface, sustained almost as miraculously
as the faithful apostle who walked to meet
his Master on the lake. Here a squirrel
has come down the bole of his tree, made
a few skimming leaps to a pine, dug him-
self a cone, and sits eating it in a little
brown hollow filled with chips.

Perhaps it is because there is so much
more visible evidence and record of life in
the winter woods — no smallest creature
stirring abroad without everybody's read-
ing about it in the snow-paper — that to
the rambler it often seems as if there were
material for a larger census of wood-creat-
ures in winter than in summer. One sees
the tracks of so many little people in the
snow that he never before dreamed were
neighbors of his. But, after all, it is chief-
ly the record one sees, and not the creat-
ures themselves. To do the latter, one
must be something of a night-walker; for
the life of the woods is more nocturnal in
winter than in summer. The hares and the
long-tailed mice feed by moonlight or star-
light, and even the squirrels are seldom
seen except a little before, or a little after,
sunrise. The grouse travels a good deal in
the dusk of the late afternoon, and may
often be seen "budding" just at sunset.

In general, it may be said that in winter
the wood creatures are more timid and se-
cretive in their habits than in summer.
One sees less of them, though more about
them. There is a sort of tantalizing mys-
tery in the presence of so much evidence,
with so little materialization. It is like the
experience of a dream, where one is haun-
ted by the sense of something momentous
and impending, yet never comes to a reali-
zation of it before the scene shifts or wak-
ing intervenes.

The song birds of the winter woods, how-
ever — such few of them as we have — are
open and diurnal in their habits. The
sharp, metallic chirping of the chickadees
makes a cheerful, if not musical, sound,
coming up from the shadows of the ever-
greens. The sparrows chatter sociably
among the weeds, or sun and preen them-
selves on the southern edge of the woods.
The restless jays and crows spend their
waking hours in brief, uncertain migra-
tions and perpetual scoldings. The wood-
peckers hammer away with the same
industrious zeal both summer and winter;
and the quails scatter around the stack or
the deserted corn-field, and gather, with a
low, musical murmur of talk amongst
themselves, what Barmecide feast remains
after the harvesting and the gleanings.

There is one inhabitant of the winter
woods (one scarcely knows whether to call
it animate or inanimate) which is certainly
more interesting in winter than in summer
— and that is the brook. And especially so
if it be a lively, rushing, down-hill brook,
that is not sealed up by ice nor blanketed
with snow. Along such a brook the ram-
bler always finds a perfect gallery of frost
pictures — fantastic ice-forms, bushes laden
with sparkling incrustations, icicles hang-
ing a foot long from over-leaning ledges.
The sun strikes in upon this ice-tracery and
sprinkles it with diamonds; and beneath it

runs the brook, foaming and shouting,
glinting here and glooming there, in full
chorus of that inimitable wood-music, res-
onant tumult and mimic thunder, that fills
one's heart and soul with exultation
whether it is heard lying under the summer
trees or climbing the snow-covered hill-
side.

He alone who knows and loves the woods
the year around, feels their full and perfect
charm. The summer rambler is well enough
in his limited way, but his is not the free-
dom of nature. He misses that full-round-
ed delight that comes through the experi-
ence of contrast — season over against
season, storm against sunny calm, physical
invigoration against physical relaxation.
He would love the summer woods more if
he knew the winter woods better. The
snow would make him long for the grass,
and the grass for the snow. Life is always
keener when one learns the supreme art of
reconciling opposites, and making one the
appetizer for the other. No one can have
so tender a love for the first verdure of the
spring as he who has rejoiced also in the
earth's enriching and protecting mantle of
winter snow.

Boston, Mass.

AGATE WINDOWS.

Be comforted, be comforted,
Ye tempest-tossed and worn,
Who wait amid the shadows
For hope's celestial morn!
The valley hath its burden,
Its vision, and its song,
And strains of joy are wafted
From heaven's immortal throng.

There is a place of sapphires
Within the school of Christ,
And faith hath her foundations
In shen of amethyst.
Time's border-land is jeweled
With many a radiant gem,
And love divine must fashion
And touch and chasten them.

He makes my windows agates,
That I may dimly see
The glories that await me,
The joys prepared for me.
Oh, were the full effulgence
To break upon my sight,
My spirit were too eager
To take its upward flight!

Through mists of tears the bulwarks
Of Zion's city rise;
I greet its pearly portals,
Its Jasper meets mine eyes;
A mystic glory lightens it,
It shines upon my road,
And through my agate windows
My heart exults in God!

— CLARA THWAITER, in Christian Advocate.

"THE OTHER HOME."

A LADY who spent the summer vacation
months in a remote corner of New En-
gland relates, in a letter to a friend, a pleasant
incident of Christian faithfulness and trust.
She went one day to visit an old lady, who
within the brief space of a year had been called
upon to part with husband, daughter and
brother — almost the last of her surviving kin.

There was, however, no sign of mourning,
either in the aged woman's dress or manner,
and her visitor wondered at her sweet cheer-
fulness of face and speech, her sunny, self-
forgetful sympathy and evident peace of mind
and heart. Presently the conversation turned
to religious topics, in which the reality of God's
love, the restfulness of faith and the hope of im-
mortality were simply and in almost childlike
acceptance dwelt upon by the good woman.

The visitor finally said: "Mrs. J., you have
given me more hope and cheer in the half-hour
I have talked with you than I think I have ever
received from any other Christian friend. And
yet you have been called upon suddenly to bear
a burden of sorrow and bereavement such as
falls to the lot of few of God's children."

"Yes," replied the dear old lady, "husband,
brother and child have been taken from me —
and yet it does not seem as if they had gone
very far away. When I was a child, my older
sister, whom I loved dearly, married, and went
to live in a house about a mile from our home.
At first I almost cried my eyes out; but one day
mother said: 'Why, Eunice! Don't you see
that Sarah hasn't left us? She has only gone
down the road to make another home where we
can go — a home as full of love and welcome as
this. Now you have two homes instead of one.
Come, put on your sunbonnet and run down to
the other home.' After I had accepted that view,
you may be sure no more tears were shed. Just
in this way I think of my dear ones who have
left this earthly home. They haven't gone far —
simply just over to the other home. And before
long I am going to put on my sunbonnet, just
as I did when I was a little girl, and go to see
them."

The wrinkled face was lighted by a smile of
unspeakable sweetness, and the aged eyes shone
with wistful joy, as they looked away into that
blue sky where faith sees its "many mansions."
Death would be robbed of its terror, bereave-
ment of its pang, mourning of its tears, if we all
had this trusting woman's conception of the
life beyond the grave. Her faith was based
upon the Great Teacher's declaration that death
is not a narrowing, but a widening, of the
horizon of life and love — the multiplying of
those ties which unite us with the great house-
hold of God. — Exchange.

Boys and Girls.

A HOME-MADE VALENTINE'S DAY.

Minnie Leona Upton.

MAMMA read to the last word of the Valentine's Day story, and when she stopped four sighs of satisfaction and one whistle of approval rewarded her efforts.

"Wasn't that nice?" cried Marion (called "Sissy" for convenience, and to save time). She always found her voice first.

"Wath's it nithe?" echoed little Min.

"So happyfying," said Harriet Aurelia (familiarily known as "Polly"). "All that about how Ellie and May and Lou fixed up the valentine baskets, and their mother gave them warm flannels and chickens and jelly for the poor people living in attics and cellars. I wish we could do so."

"'Twas int'resting enough," chimed in Ben; "but everybody in this neighborhood has more chickens and jelly and things than we have; and, besides, Plumstead people don't live in attics and cellars. The fruit and the vegetables and the vinegar barrel occupy the cellar, and the attics are full of herbs and old clothes, and folks live between. Don't they, Janie?" and he gave Janie's braided brown "pigtail" a brotherly pull which her made open her gray eyes very wide.

She released the "pigtail" with much dignity before she replied.

"P'raps we ain't rich, but I guess we're happier 'n' have more good times 'n' any family I ever knew; 'n' I guess ev'rybody ain't very happy. They don't look so, anyway; 'n' —"

Here Janie "stuck," embarrassed by the deferential attention she was receiving. But her eyes were big and bright and full of ideas — of at least one large idea, at least.

"What is it, Janie?" asked mamma, gently.

"Yes, what is it, Janie?" chorused the girls.

"Go ahead, Jeannette," encouraged Ben. "Relieve your mind."

Janie plucked up courage and proceeded: —

"Well, I was thinking. There's old Mr. Wigner, living all alone since his wife died. He's awful lonesome, I know, 'n' he don't know how to fix things up. Auntie Wigner used to have evergreen wreaths in the windows, 'n' he used to like 'em too, even if he is close and stingy; but of course he don't know how to make 'em. 'N' there's Silas Spooner laid up with his broken leg all winter. His sister Susan's awful long-faced 'n' cross-looking; 'n' even if she does take ex'lent care of him, 'n' even if he does have ev'rything that heart could wish, I guess he don't feel so very happy 'n' contented; 'n' then" (Janie's tongue was loosed now) "there's Miss Elizabeth Darnborough —"

"Ho!" derisively ejaculated the entire group — except mamma. What could anybody hope to do to help Miss Elizabeth Darnborough, who lived in the fine house on the hill, and had a coachman and a butler and a silver service and a sealakin sacque, etc., all for her own self and nobody else? Janie flushed rosily, but persevered.

"I know she has ev'rything — almost, but she looks awful sorry all the time; 'n' there's one thing that made her look real pleased that she hasn't got, 'n' she wants it, 'n' that's Topaz; for she wanted to buy him when I was playing with him down by the gate when she rode by the other day — 'n' I couldn't sell him. But I've been thinking it over, 'n' I'm going to give him to her for a valentine."

"O-o-o-h!" gasped Polly and Sissy and little Min; and Ben gave a prolonged whistle. To think that Janie could give up Topaz — beautiful, gentle, playful Topaz! Polly caught the spirit of it.

"Then I'm going to give Sylvia Torrence my pink hyacinth. She was longing for a pink hyacinth yesterday when I was there, and I thought it just served her right, even if she has got a sprained ankle, 'cause she said she 'wouldn't be bothered with little dirty brown bulbs like onions' when I offered her some last fall. But I guess she didn't think, or she wouldn't have said it."

"And I'll make some wreaths to hang in old Mr. Wigner's windows," cried Sissy. Sissy had a positive talent for making lovely wreaths and anchors and baskets of evergreens and bright berries.

"And I'll get you some fine trailing evergreens, Lion's Paw and such like, Polly," volunteered Ben. "And I know where there are some A No. 1 checkerberries

to brighten 'em up. I'll go and get 'em now!"

And he rescued his cap from Topaz and vanished. (By the way, he stopped in the kitchen and popped two comic valentines into the stove. He had bought them with some of his bicycle money that morning when he was down at the Corners because they were "such good ones on old Skin-flint Wigner and that stuck-up Miss Darnborough!")

"I want to do thomething for Thilath Thpooner," lisped little Min. "What can I do, mamma?" The little face was all one puzzled pucker.

Mamma meditated profoundly for a moment. It really was a very serious matter, as any one might see.

"Well, Poppet, I think the best valentin' you could give Mr. Spooner would be to go and see him, and speak your Christmas piece — yes, and your last-day-of-school piece."

The eager little face lengthened. "O mamma, I don't want to go and see him. I jutht want to tend him thomething. He ith the tholemn, and Miss Thuthan ith tholemn, and the houthe ith tholemn!"

Mamma smiled. "Well, then, I think a little sunshine would be the best valentine for them. Can't you go just because it is a solemn place to visit?"

A resolute look came into the little face. "Yeth, I can!" was the firm response, and she ran away to get her poetry book to make sure that she had not forgotten her pieces.

Presently Ben returned laden with trailing greens which he had found on knolls which the thaw had laid bare, and Sissy began her work. She wanted very much to finish her Julia Betina's new dress that afternoon, but the next day was the 14th, and so she quietly put her pieces of gay cloth away and began her work. How her deft fingers flew! She made two wreaths, and then, on a pasteboard foundation, a beautifully shaped anchor. Still there was plenty of time before supper and enough evergreen to make Polly, Janie, and little Min each a wreath.

Meantime Polly arranged a fringed Japanese napkin — her particular treasure — around the hyacinth pot, and then twined the wreath around it. It did look lovely. Janie put Topaz through all his cute tricks — standing upon his hind legs, shaking hands, and jumping through her arms — so that he would be sure to perform them nicely for his new mistress; and if a tear or two fell on his yellow coat nobody was the wiser.

Finally all the valentines were ready. So was supper. But the girls were too excited to eat much. Ben, being a boy, was not to be so easily discomposed ("rattled" he might have said), and did full justice to the Johnny-cake and sweet apples and milk. But really it was almost as interesting as the night before Christmas, only in a different way.

"I don't seem to be 'in it' at all," wailed Ben, pretending to sop up copious tears with his handkerchief.

"Well, I guess you are, Ben Trotter," rejoined Sissy, warmly. "Didn't you get all that lovely evergreen? And I never could have got it when it's so thawy and slumpy!"

Yes, I think myself that Ben helped a great deal — especially when he burned the comic valentines, which the girls didn't know about for a long while.

Bright and early next morning, as soon as the breakfast dishes were washed and the kitchen swept and the chickens fed, the girls started. At the Corners they separated — Sissy to go to old Mr. Wigner's, Polly to Sylvia Torrence's, little Min to Silas Spooner's, and Janie to the big house on the hill.

Mr. Wigner appeared in answer to Sissy's rap. He was a shrewd-faced little man, with small, suspicious blue eyes; but the disagreeable expression vanished as Sissy made a polite little bow to accompany her cheerful good-morning, and said: "Here's a valentine for you. I know you used to like wreaths, and you wouldn't know how to make 'em, and" — Sissy stopped, for two big tears were slowly rolling down the old man's face.

"Thankee! Thankee!" he said, huskily, and shut the door in Sissy's puzzled face. She went slowly home, not feeling at all sure that her valentine had been a success. She knew afterwards.

Polly, meanwhile, had reached her destination, and Sylvia's white face at the window brightened wonderfully as she saw the plump little figure coming briskly up the walk.

"I wonder what she's got done up in all

that paper," she said to herself, and tried to guess; but she couldn't have guessed anything so charming as the glowing, rosy beauty that was revealed when Polly took off the wrappings.

"O Polly! you darling Polly!" she cried, quite forgetting the throbbing ankle.

"It's a valentine," said Polly, beaming upon her friend. "I guess it knew you were going to have a sprained ankle, it hurried so to bloom. The others are only just budding."

She was so delighted with Sylvia's delight that she forgot that unfortunate remark about "the little dirty brown bulbs like onions." But Sylvia remembered it, and made a mental promise which she kept faithfully.

Little Min plodded sturdily along through the soft snow up the cross-road to Silas Spooner's house.

"Who can it be at this hour of the morning?" snapped Miss Susan, as a tiny rap sounded on the side door.

She didn't look very inviting as she came to the door. Miss Susan Spooner was tall and gaunt and had piercing black eyes and a Roman nose and a brusque manner which so concealed her really kind heart that a great many people never suspected its existence. Sometimes her brother wondered if she really cared about him at all, and sometimes she wondered if he cared one bit for her, because they were both so exceedingly afraid of being sentimental and showing their real affection for each other. You've seen such folks yourself, haven't you?

But I was telling about little Min's errand. She smiled rosily up into the sallow, unhappy face towering so far above her. "Pleathe, Mith Thuthan, thith ith Valentine's Day, and I'm one, 'cause I hadn't any pennith to buy one at the thtore; tho I've come to thpeak my pietheth to Mr. Thilath, 'cause he ith thithick."

Miss Susan's face relaxed. "A valentine, are you? You're the youngest Trotter child, too, I guess. Well, come in! Silas's out o' sorts this morning, an' p'raps you won't find him very pleasant, but you c'n try."

She stalked on ahead into the sitting-room, little Min following, though much inclined to run back home.

"Here's a little girl, Silas, says she's a valentine. She's come to speak a piece to you."

A smile broke over Silas' deeply lined face.

"Well, well! That's kind, I'm sure. Sed down, sed down! Take 'er wraps, Susan. Well, well, well!"

The child made a funny little bobbing bow. "Here ith a valentine wreath, too. Thithy made it."

"Who?"

"Thithther Thithy. Ain't it pwitty?"

Miss Susan sniffed appreciatively.

"How fragrant it is!"

"Yeth," responded the little maid, "and it ithmelt good, too."

"Sartin, sartin," said Silas, and she wondered why they laughed. But she was very glad, because Miss Susan looked so nice when she was laughing.

"Well, miss, you was going to speak a piece to me, wa'n't you?" queried Silas.

"Yeth — two of 'em," said she, adhering closely to her program. "The firith ith about an 'old white hen with yellow legs,' and it ith thith way; and, taking up her position exactly in the centre of a big braided rug, she recited her last-day-of-school piece, which she had learned in grandpa's old "New England Primer."

The brother and sister listened, glancing at each other with softened eyes.

"Mother used to say that to us when we was youngsters, didn't she, Susan?"

"Yes," said Susan, softly.

"My Chrithmath pietheth ith the nithethth. It ith about hearing the angeith thing."

Then she repeated in her lisping treble the beautiful Christmas song of Edward Hamilton Sears, beginning, —

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

Why she had chosen that rather than some merry jingle to speak at the Christmas concert nobody knew, but mamma had told her she might speak it if she had the courage to try to learn so long a poem. She had plenty of courage, and had learned it perfectly, and recited it now with sweet, childish seriousness. Miss Susan wiped her dimmed eyes, and Silas drew his dressing-gown sleeve across his face.

Little Min was alarmed.

"Oh, pleathe don't cry! I wath going to cheer you up, and —"

"Bless the child! Why, you have cheered us up," cried Silas, all smiles in an instant. "You're going? Yer ma'll be

expectin' ye? Well, come agin, an' come soon."

"Yes, an' come often," added Miss Susan, buttoning the little coat and slipping a mammoth winter pear into the pocket.

"Yeth, I will. Good-bye!" And the little maid slipped away like a sunbeam.

And how was Janie prospering? She rang the shining door-bell, her heart beating wildly. The stately butler came to the door, and stood looking down in utter amazement at the daring little elf in home-made coat and hood who had ventured to ring the front door-bell.

"Well, miss?" said he.

"I'm Janie Trotter. I've brought a valentine to Miss Darnborough. It's to make her look happier." She thrust the little basket into his reluctant hands and fled.

And what did Miss Darnborough do when the basket and message were delivered to her? She looked puzzled a moment, then lifted the basket-cover with a gingerly touch. There, curled up in the centre of an evergreen wreath, lay a lovely yellow kitten, who opened his blue eyes, sat up, and looked about as calmly as though plush-covered furniture and alken hangings were everyday affairs with him.

"It's that little Trotter girl's pet kitten!" she exclaimed. "What a sacrifice for the little creature! A valentine, indeed. I must return it. No," reflectively, "it's too fine a sacrifice to be spoiled that way. But if that mite can do such heroic giving, what is Elizabeth Darnborough's religion worth if she can't make a little sacrifice, too?"

Then she sat down at her elegant desk and filled out a check for an amount so large that she would "feel" the effect of her giving. It was for an orphan asylum which she had recently refused to aid, because a bank failure had reduced her income a few hundred dollars and made her feel "poor." Then she wrote a dainty note of thanks, directed to "Miss Janie Trotter," and despatched it by the stiff and starchy footman.

And what of Mr. Wigner? Well, a few days later, Sissy, while passing the big square white house, was struck motionless with astonishment at seeing two little girls playing in the yard and a baby's tiny face pressed against the pane. What could it mean? Mr. Wigner, standing by the barn door, caught sight of her and called: "Hey there! Come 'ere a minute." Sissy came very willingly. He cleared his throat and looked embarrassed, as Sissy waited expectantly.

"Ye looked sorter surprised. P'raps ye'll be pleased ter know that after ye took the pains to make them purty wreaths an' bring 'em to a crusty old man, I got to thinkin' what was the use of livin' a lonesome old skinkflint to the end o' my days, an' I jist hitched up next day an' put off to the city an' got my sister an' her three children. She's my youngest sister. Hain't spoken to 'er for ten years. She'd been strugglin' along sewin' fer little er nothin' ever sence 'er husband died. I was mad at 'er fer marryin' 'im. She hes you ter thank — that is, if it's any better fer her an' the girls here than it was in one little stived-up room at the top of a ramshackle tenement house."

"My!" gasped Sissy. "Ain't that beautiful? You're awful good. And you're happy now, ain't you?" glancing at his face that seemed to have grown ten years younger.

"Some!" was the emphatic response, as he poured out an overflowing measure of oats for old Jerry.

"It's right amazin' how much cheerfuller Susan Spooner is lately," declared Ephraim Todd, the postmaster, a week or two later. "She's growin' almost as handsome as she was when she was a gal. She's joined the Benevolent Society, an' is goin' to hev 'em meet at her house. An' she's dretful soft on the youngest Trotter girl. Never used ter seem to want ter see a child round. An' she spoke in meetin' the other night in a way that was mighty meltin'. Beats all how she's thawed out!"

And so the valentines did their work. The little Trotter do not even guess how far the little candle of their loving self-sacrifice is throwing its beams — lighting up the orphan asylum; brightening the clouded lives of old Mr. Wigner and his widowed sister and her fatherless children; melting the icy chains that had bound the hearts of Silas Spooner and his sister; and shining on and on into countless other lives, for Sylvia Torrence saved her pocket money and bought hyacinth bulbs the next fall on purpose to "bother with them" so as to have an abundance of flowers to send to "shut-ins." Then some of the shut-ins did the same in their turn, till it has become a habit with Plumstead folks.

It makes me think of another of little Min's "pietheth" —

"I cannot do much," said a little star,
To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot travel far
Through the blinding mists of night;
But I am a part of God's great plan,
So I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

THE APOCALYPSE OF LINCOLN.

THE fame of Abraham Lincoln, whose natal day is Feb. 12, was late in coming. His neighbors did not detect the quality of his manhood and wise men failed to discern the possibilities bound up in his life. According to the proverb, his life was a deep well, a profound mystery, an unknown quantity, whose value could be ascertained only after lapse of time. And, what is remarkable, he read his own destiny as imperfectly as the men about him. To both his life was a series of revelations. The meaning of it came out in daily duties and the crises of existence.

Of all our statesmen Lincoln, worthy to be named as the second Washington, the emancipator of a race and the leader of the nation through a bloody revolution to a higher plane of civilization, was longest in being understood and appreciated by the people. There were some reasons for this. The prophet came in a rough garb, with an ungainly form and with the manners of the frontier. Had any statesman hitherto come in homespun? Could such a one bear a message from the Lord or be the proper representative of a free people? Our people looked for the smooth prophet, with elegance of manner and oily speech, as the only one capable of meeting the existing exigency. They forgot that Providence utilizes a wide variety of agencies, often those rejected by men. The case of Lincoln was widely different from that of Washington. Washington represented large wealth, a leading social class, and was commended by courtly manners in repute at the time, especially in the wide circle to which he belonged, all of which early opened his way to position and leadership. Lincoln grew up in the extreme poverty, amid the lowest class on the frontier, and repelled the elegant classes by his uncountness. These were great disadvantages against which the country has had to contend.

When forty-nine years of age Lincoln was a comparatively unknown man. He was known by Illinois juries for his plain, sound sense and patent honesty, and among the people of his congressional district, where he had been chosen as a Representative to the national House. This was thought to be the highest place he could ever win. The wildest man in Sangamon County had never dreamed of the possibility of his being elevated to the Presidency. In fact, to all ordinary perceptions he was about the last man likely to climb to that high place.

But when his hour struck, he rose rapidly into fame. His advancement became more remarkable than his long detention in obscurity. In 1858, when he engaged in the debate with Douglass, his name was scarcely known outside his own commonwealth. In the East the commonality had never heard it, and some intelligent people marveled at the rashness which had induced him to grapple with the little giant. They were equally surprised at his putting of the argument against the extension of slavery; Douglass won the United States senatorship. Lincoln was beaten in the game, but with the full confidence that other players would have a hand in it. He felt sure the struggle was a durable one and would be continued until the whole country should become "all slave or all free." He could hardly have supposed his hand would hold the casting die. But surprises now came rapidly.

The year 1860 marked a decided turn in the tide. In the canvass for a Presidential nominee the name of Lincoln was occasionally heard; but greater names were pushed to the front, such as those of Seward, Chase and Bates. The country felt sure Seward would bear off the prize. It had its first great surprise, however, when the convention threw to the breeze the name of Abraham Lincoln. Men said it was a mistake, a blunder which would go far to defeat the party. Seward was so much stronger—so much better equipped! In the face of all Lincoln won. It was a new revelation of the man and the situation.

Once elected, he put the rival candidates of his party in his cabinet. Men said he must prove a failure as a President; but they found comfort in the reflection that Seward and Chase would be the real powers behind the throne. It was a fresh revelation of Lincoln when it became known that he held the reins of the whole team. No man about him understood the situation as well as Lincoln himself. He had plans, and his plans were adopted. Long before the war closed the fame of Abraham Lincoln had

become assured; and it has gone on increasing to this hour. As with few men in history, his record has endured the test of criticism and time. With each year since his death his fame has spread wider and mounted higher. From a county attorney he has become known to the whole world as a true man, a hero, a philanthropist.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

Enthronization of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"THE king is dead; long live the king!" is the old cry by which believers in monarchy of all kinds—social, political, ecclesiastical—express their sense of its everlastingness and record their personal suffrage for its perpetuation. Standing, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 7, by the pew in Hawarden Church, where Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, died so suddenly, I found myself on the morning of the next day (after traveling all night) in the venerable Cathedral of Canterbury, awaiting, amid several thousands of other expectant sightseers from London and the surrounding towns, the commencement of the stately and imposing ceremony of the enthronization of the ninety-third Archbishop of the southern province, in the closing years of the thirteenth century since the conversion of Saxon England to Christianity. Every imaginable barrier confronted my hope of admission to the much-coveted spectacle. The limited number of tickets had been distributed a month ago, and neither love nor money availed to secure a passport. The train on which I went from London to the ancient borough was crowded. But the hope which "springs eternal in the human breast" was sustained and ultimately rewarded by one of those happy coincidences which are ever smoothing the rough paths of erring and helpless mortals. I sat by a clergyman—a chaplain of the Royal Navy—who had traveled in the United States and had returned with pleasant impressions and reminiscences of America and its people, as most English people do. I told him I represented one of the oldest and most influential religious journals of the most progressive and most powerful religious denomination in the United States, and after a few moments' silent cogitation he said, with a most inspiring gleam of hope on his face: "I almost think I can get you a reserve ticket for the nave." When we reached the crowded depot he ran about from one church dignitary to another for nearly a quarter of an hour till he succeeded. Handing me the ticket, he dropped a hint that was worth to me more than a hundred tickets. "See the sacristan of the Cathedral if you can," he said, "and present your credentials, and I should not wonder if he gives you a good seat near the Archdeacon's chair and free range over the house." Following this advice I found myself conducted through the dense mass of people standing in the rain at three doors of the church, through the crowded nave, into the choir, where I found a seat next to the Earl of Stanhope, lord lieutenant of the County of Kent—an official of the occasion—and close to the Archdeacon's chair, where the service was to begin.

The approach of the grand procession of eight hundred clergymen, including nearly all the bishops and other dignitaries of the province of Canterbury in their variegated ecclesiastical robes, headed by the mace-bearer of Canterbury, the bedesmen, the mayors of various cities of the province, representatives of learned bodies, and the united choirs of Rochester and Canterbury and members of the choir of St. Paul's, was an exciting moment. The strains of the *Benedictus* sung by some hundreds of superb and thoroughly trained voices were quite thrilling, and the vast assembly that had been waiting for two hours already in the choir and nave of the church was visibly affected. No wonder that English churchmen are impressed by the hoar antiquity and visible glory of a church that appeals so powerfully to their reverence for the past and their love of the beautiful.

The service was long, lasting over three hours, but the exciting interest and overwhelming grandeur of the occasion completely relieved it of anything like tedium. I heard several clergymen speak in the highest terms of the voices of the three dignitaries on whose shoulders the burden of the ceremony mainly fell—Dr. Eden, Archdeacon of Canterbury, a pupil of the late learned Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lightfoot; Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Temple, the enthroned Archbishop, carrying with light and stately step his seventy-five years of care and toil. Clear

and distinct, however, as were the tones of the officiating clergymen, more than half of the vast audience, being more than three hundred feet away, could hear nothing of the service except the enrapturing strains of the united choirs.

The ceremony of enthronization, which began by the vicar-general of the province reading the mandate of the Queen for the enthronement, took place at three points of the Cathedral, some distance apart. The Archbishop was seated first of all in the seat of the Archdeacon in token of possession at that point, the Archdeacon reading with a beautifully distinct pronunciation the Latin formula. Then the procession of dignitaries was formed to the chair of the Dean, near the door of Thomas à Becket's martyrdom, and the primate was seated by the Dean in that. The final movement, amid the solemn music of the choir, was then made to the celebrated marble chair—the true primate's throne—of St. Anselm, in the chapter-house, where the aged Archbishop took the oath to observe the laws and customs of the church, and knelt in silent prayer amid the oppressive stillness of the place, observed only by the awe-struck magnates of the church and a few select members of the press—the *HERALD* correspondent being one of the favored few. The august occasion closed with a formal promise of obedience to the newly-enthroned primate from the bishops, deans and archdeacons, down to the smallest choir boy of the Cathedral.

The calmest waters, however, are liable to be chafed and fretted by the storm, and this grand occasion was not without its characteristic scandal, which when reported next day in the morning papers filled these tight and crowded little islands with excited gossip. When the last of the procession, which was brought up by the Archbishop together with Dr. Eden, Dr. Farrar, and Canon Scott-Holland of St. Paul's, reached a certain point in the aisle of the nave, a gentleman of the name of Greenwood rose from his seat and protested: "Dr. Frederick Temple, this whole ceremony is one long-drawn lie." The immediate penalty of this unlooked-for outburst was expulsion from the Cathedral by order of the Dean, and consignment to the city prison for a few hours, with subsequent unconditional release.

One could not but be struck with the profound respect felt here for things American. In following the procession of bishops, deans and archdeacons from point to point through the aisles of the old metropolitan church of Canterbury, I was often interrupted by functionaries of the place, with their gilded official wands, as were several representatives of English journalism; but the potent words, the "Boston Press," opened doors for the *HERALD* which were absolutely closed to many correspondents of English provincial papers. And as Dr. Dickson predicted, there was no part of the ancient fane, not even the thrice-sacred chapter-house and seat of St. Anselm, barred against the eager inquisitiveness of one willing to "rush in where angels fear to tread." I was also struck with the readiness of the bishops I interviewed to communicate to the American public through the press any information respecting the prospects and policy of the English Church, which never had a firmer hold on the confidence and affection of the English people than it has today.

Rev. F. B. Meyer.

THIS much-esteemed London clergyman, to whom reference was made in our last issue, and whose excellent portrait appears herewith, has spent several days in Boston, preaching to large audiences of highly appreciative, and we have no doubt greatly profited, hearers. If all could not accept a few of his dogmatic statements, they could not fail to be delighted with his spirit—which is far better. Tremont Temple has been crowded daily.

As a preacher Mr. Meyer is intensely earnest. He believes what he says, and says what he believes. To Methodists of the older type there was nothing new in his teachings. It is the plain, pointed, pungent, direct appeal to men's consciences—a method of preaching which, we fear, has too largely fallen into disuse, even among Methodists of the present day. We hope that Mr. Meyer's plain and searching method will stir up ministers of all denominations to seek that grace which, Mr. Meyer tells us, gives perfect freedom from everything that offends God or hinders our success. This, he claims, is the great need of the Christian Church in order to the conversion of souls and the convincing unbelievers of the truth and value of the Gospel. His addresses are reported in another column.

Mr. Meyer, as we stated last week, is a leading spirit in what is known as the "Keswick movement." But many of our readers may not understand what is meant by the "Keswick move-

ment." It is an earnest religious movement which takes its name from a town in England by the name of Keswick, where the meetings were established in 1875. The name in no sense describes the character of the movement. It is quite generally thought that this religious movement originated, mainly, with the clergy of the Established Church. This is a great misapprehension. We are told that it is purely



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F. B. Meyer.

American, having its birth at a Methodist National Camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, under the leadership of the late Rev. John S. Inskip and his associates, all members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Robert Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, a member of the Quaker Church, at a camp-meeting held in Vineland, N. J., in 1867, entered into an experience which Methodists call "entire sanctification," which proved to be a new life to him; and for several years he was an active worker in these great national gatherings. He was an Englishman by birth, and, his health failing, he went to England, in 1874, hoping for improvement, and soon after commenced holding meetings in London, declaring what he had learned and experienced at the National Camp-meeting. From this beginning the work spread, not only in England, but to the Continent. Then came the great meetings in Oxford, Brighton, and elsewhere. In 1875 the meetings found a permanent home in Keswick.

The editor-in-chief of the *Missionary Review of the World*, for February, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, in an exceedingly interesting article on the "Keswick Movement" and Mr. Smith's relation to it, says: "Mr. Smith was providentially among those who were connected with the inception of this movement." But, if we are correctly informed, Mr. Smith was the principal, if not the sole, leader of the movement. But for him the great meetings at Oxford and Brighton would never have been held.

The editor of the *Review* further says: "About the time that these meetings were being held in such rapid succession, in Brighton and on the Continent, there was in more than one quarter similar gatherings in the United States," etc. But is the editor of the *Review* ignorant of the fact that before the Oxford or Brighton meetings had ever been thought of, or Mr. Smith had left for England, no less than eighteen of these great National Camp-meetings had been held, and in ten of the large States of the Union, Mr. Smith actively participating in most of them? We are told that it was seven years after these National Camp-meetings were inaugurated before this work commenced in England, except in some small measure among the Wesleyans.

We make these statements on the best authority, to show simply that the Keswick movement, good as it is—and we do not deprecate it in the least degree, nor the faithful efforts of Mr. Meyer, one of its chief promoters, to arouse the religious conscience and inspire the Christian faith of the American churches—originated in a Methodist camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness. And we are more than pleased that this American camp-meeting fire has kindled the expiring embers on the altars of that grand old church which is really the mother of us all.

"Modern Methodist sermons."

ON the third page of this issue we publish the first of the promised series, and it might with entire fitness and justice be termed a model modern Methodist sermon. The preacher has comprehensively apprehended the mind that was in Christ and expresses and applies it with remarkable freshness, pertinency and force. So seldom have we read a sermon with more gratification and profit. Our younger ministers will do well to critically study this discourse for suggestion and imitation. Others of the series will be published at an early date, which include Rev. W. A. Quayle, D. D., Independence Ave. Church, Kansas City; Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., First Church, Baltimore; Rev. Matt B. Hughes, Wesley Church, Minneapolis; Rev. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., Christ Church, Pittsburg; Rev. C. M. Coburn, D. D., Trinity Church, Denver; Rev. G. S. Butters, First Church, Somerville; Rev. S. P. Cadman, Metropolitan Temple, New York.

A Rest Day for Working People.

WE know of few movements more worthy of cordial support just now than the effort which is being made to push through the Legislature of Massachusetts at this session a bill to better secure a rest day for working people. The act provides that "no county, town, city, municipal or other corporation, organized, located or doing business in the Commonwealth, and no official, agent, or servant of such corporation, or of the Commonwealth, shall directly or indirectly cause or allow any person to perform labor, either under contract or otherwise, for such corporation or the Commonwealth, more than six days in a week." If the bill passes, the effect evidently will be to make all incorporated companies in the State reduce their Sunday labor to a minimum, and make provision by spare hands or extra supplies for such necessary work as must be done. The street car lines will be, perhaps, the places where the pinch will be most quickly felt and the law be most immediately operative. It is certainly the place where a change is most imperatively needed. The American Federation of Labor has shown its appreciation of the boon this act would confer on laboring men by cordially endorsing the movement at its annual meeting; and the Boston ministers' meetings of the various denominations, including the Methodist, have heartily approved. We hope all our readers, whether lay or clerical, will do their best to promote the good work. They can circulate and sign petitions; they can write to or interview senators and representatives; they can influence local papers throughout the State to give their aid; they can be present, some of them, at the legislative hearing which will very speedily be given to the advocates and opponents of the bill; they can also pray. The railway commissioners of Massachusetts have done well in stopping Sunday excursions whether by train or boat. Now let the General Court secure, as far as possible, to every man within its jurisdiction one day of rest in seven. This will at least give him an opportunity to worship God if so disposed, and make it easier for him to do right.

Personals.

- Rev. F. M. North, D. D., called at this office on Monday. He preached on Sunday at Wellesley College.
- General Neal Dow's birthday, March 20, will be observed throughout this country and in England in the interest of prohibition.
- Miss Christine Christensen, a missionary of the W. F. M. S. at Bareilly, India, was recently married to Dr. W. W. Ashe, of Pauli, Garhwal.
- The Founders' and Benefactors' Day address at De Pauw University was delivered by Rev. Dr. W. H. Hickman, of Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 17.
- Prof. C. A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, is going to Europe to spend a year in study along the lines in which he has become so distinguished.
- Chancellor Day preached to the students of Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, Pa., on the Day of Prayer for Colleges and other institutions of learning.
- Mrs. Marian Headland was announced to sail from San Francisco on Tuesday of last week, to join her husband, Rev. I. T. Headland, professor in Peking University.
- Mrs. Leland Stanford opened her mansion in San Francisco, Jan. 26, to tender a reception to Bishop and Mrs. Newman. Fifteen hundred invitations were issued.
- "My brethren," said Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, England, in a recent address, "I beg you to take hold of your own heart, and look it straight in the face."
- Rev. Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Monroe celebrated, at Altoona, Pa., Jan. 21, the thirty-fourth anniversary of their marriage. Dr. Monroe has been for years secretary of the General Conference.
- Dr. and Mrs. William Rice, of Springfield, gave a reception to Bishop Fowler and the ministers of the Springfield Preachers' Meeting at their residence on Monday afternoon, which was an enjoyable occasion.
- The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of last week adorned its first page with an admirable likeness of Dr. William Butler, "founder of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India and Mexico."
- Rev. B. F. Jones, D. D., who has recently been abroad, is in this city with his family, and intends to remain among us for at least two months. He is in improved health, and is warmly greeted by hosts of old friends.
- Rev. D. H. Els, D. D., delivered a very scholarly and discriminative address on Monday at Wesleyan Hall before the New England Methodist Historical Society upon "Asbury as the Founder and Builder of American Methodism."
- The London *Daily Chronicle* publishes a despatch from Budapest saying that the artist Munkacsy, who was recently reported to have been stricken with spinal paralysis, has become insane and been placed in an asylum. Munkacsy was born in 1846, and began life in a small Hungarian town as a carpenter, following the calling of his father. After a few years at the bench, he left his trade and took up art. Many of his paintings are owned in this country. His

"Christ Before Pilate" made a great furor, and was purchased by Mr. John Wanamaker. He visited this country in 1886.

— The following note is received from Rev. C. A. Littlefield, written last Saturday: "Still on my back, though I sat up awhile yesterday. Fever practically gone, but weak and feeble generally. Hope to be out early in the week, but don't know."

— Lady Henry Somerset has undergone a surgical operation, made necessary by the recent carriage accident in which she was injured. We are happy to state that her present condition is pronounced favorable, but it is announced by the doctors that prolonged rest is imperative.

— Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, has been secured to deliver a series of lectures on "Extemporaneous Preaching," at Gammon Theological Seminary, during the week beginning March 15. These remarkable lectures have been delivered before the leading theological schools of the country.

— President Harper of the University of Chicago has announced that Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, would be the convocation orator at the University commencement exercises in the Auditorium, April 1. Lady Aberdeen will have the honor of being the first woman chosen for such an occasion in this country.

— Rev. Noble W. Everett, of Wareham, now serving his second term in the State Senate from Plymouth County, has recently lost his wife, she dying suddenly of heart disease. His fellow senators have recognized his affliction in a series of appreciative resolutions to which they added their own names. The resolutions were engrossed upon parchment.

— The *Pittsburg Christian Advocate* announces the death of Mrs. Lizrie B. Dickerson, wife of Rev. W. H. Dickerson, of the East Ohio Conference, a niece of Rev. Joseph Hollingshead, of Edgartown. It was sudden and sad. She was a good worker in the church, and was very active in the W. F. M. S., her talents being used in promoting its interests.

— Rev. R. J. Chrystie, pastor at Sheldon, Vt., was united in marriage with Miss M. Ethel Holmes, of that place, Monday evening, Feb. 1, at the M. E. Church, in the presence of a large company of people. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. B. Riggs, assisted by Rev. L. O. Sherburne, presiding elder of St. Albans District, Rev. D. C. Thatcher, and Rev. S. H. Smith.

— Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, accompanied by Mrs. Nansen, reached London last week. The crowd about the station heartily cheered the travelers. Sir George Baden-Powell, at whose house they are staying, gave a dinner and reception in honor of the Norwegian explorer. Dr. Nansen is accredited with the statement that he does not intend to make any more expeditions in search of the North Pole.

Brieflets.

Both the Book Committee and the Board of Control of the Epworth League are holding meetings in New York Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

The church at Newton, with two hundred members, has over fifty subscribers to *Zion's Herald*. This is the church of which the publisher is a member and Rev. Dillon Bronson is pastor. Mr. Bronson has greatly increased the list in the five years now closing. We think it is the best record — one subscriber for every four members — in our patronizing territory.

Dr. A. S. Gumbart's illustrated sermon on "The Mill Tree," which appeared in our columns last week, may be obtained in tract form of Messrs. Ward & Drummond, New York.

An unusually interesting program is arranged for the Boston Methodist Social Union next Monday evening, Feb. 15. Secretaries Leonard and Spencer are always heard by our people with interest, but Dr. John W. E. Bowen, of Gammon Theological Seminary, has well earned the reputation of being one of the most eloquent men of his race. Boston Methodism will give him an enthusiastic welcome. It is ladies' night, and we advise our friends to secure tickets at an early date.

The symposium of opinions upon the "Sermon on the Mount," called out by Dr. G. M. Steele's contribution, has awakened general and profound interest in the subject. Other readers have expressed a desire "to be heard," and two have already written out their views. If others desire to write briefly, from 100 to 300 words — not more, in any case, than the latter — and will forward the same, we will publish at an early date as far as practicable.

Rev. Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, of St. Louis, editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, well known as a speaker and writer of unusual power, will preach in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday morning, Feb. 14, and Monday evening he will lecture in the Chapter Hall on "The Story of a Great Battle." The Doctor was in the war and has written a most interesting volume entitled, "What a Boy Saw in the Army." The lecture is based on personal recollections of the Gettysburg campaign. The occasion will be the celebration of the Lincoln anniversary by the Epworth League of St. Mark's.

The Wesleyan Primitive Methodists, United Methodist Free Churches, and the Bible Christians — all the Methodist bodies in Australasia — have voted \$0,000 to 6,500 for union.

We are gratified to learn that large numbers of youth and children are entering by profession of faith into our churches. This is as it should be, and the practice of early conversion should be heartily encouraged. It should be remembered, however, that they do not come into the church full grown, but as disciples, "babes in Christ," to be nourished and developed by degrees into the fullness of the stature of perfectness in Christ. They should be treated, therefore, by ministers, and especially by the older members of the church, with forbearance, patience and large sympathy. There will be besetting sins, limitations of knowledge, and infirmities of disposition to overcome. These results in character-building after the Christ pattern cannot be achieved in a day. The Master Himself said upon this very line: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." We have only to look back to the many years that we have been in the school of Christ to realize how much we needed consideration and charity at the beginning. But it is reassuring to recall the fact that the most useful members of the churches today were converted in childhood. Spurgeon late in life said he had found that his child converts "held out the best."

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

"Dearborn."

MY precise instructions when I became Chicago correspondent of *ZION'S HERALD*, together with my own purpose, to speak the truth in love, have laid upon me the not altogether pleasant obligation of holding up to criticism certain acts and methods which seemed to me opposed to the spirit and genius of Methodism or subversive of its highest interests. I have never assumed to be less fallible than other mortals; nor have I ever permitted myself to believe that any cause is helped by the exhibition of spleen. Whatever I have said in the way of criticism has been set down, not in malice nor at the dictation of any party or individual, but solely in the interests of truth. The efforts made to discover the identity of the writer would seem to show that in some quarters it is believed that, if he were discovered and punished, the kingdom would be advanced much more than through efforts to cure the published fault. It may be enough here to say that the writer holds no position on sufferance. He asks for no place which he cannot fill. He wants nothing from the church nor from his friends through any species of favoritism. He belongs to no clique or party — is no man's man. Hence, he eats his three meals a day without stomachic or any other kind of trepidation. His sleep is not broken by visions of ecclesiastical censure or of an empty cupboard. In a word, he has no concern except that he may so think and speak and write and act that the sin of willful disobedience to "the heavenly vision" may not be laid to his charge. So much by way of a personal word with those whom it may concern. I am in love and charity with my neighbor, especially with my brethren of the ministry whom I would rather praise than blame. Yet to praise mistakes of judgment or policy, to commend what is unworthy, is the work of the sycophant, not of the lover of men. In the past I have sought to tell the truth which seemed to me needed to be told regardless of its immediate or remote effect on the writer. There is every reason for continuing in the good way without fear or favor.

I have not hitherto referred at length to our splendid theological school — Garrett Biblical Institute. The various changes in its faculty and other items of interest have been noted at the proper time, but these being necessarily fragmentary could not adequately represent the progress of the institution.

Last autumn three new members were added to the faculty, the courses were enlarged and broadened, the requirements were made more stringent, and the spirit of a true and generous scholarship was infused into all the various departments. There are two degree courses, both of which are granted only to "classical graduates of approved colleges." The degree of B. D. is given only after three years of study. Classical graduates who have pursued a two years' course of theological study are admitted as candidates for the degree of Ph. D., which requires for graduation at least two years longer in residence. There are three diploma courses — the Greek and Hebrew, the Greek-English, and the English — all of which require three full years of work.

Besides Dr. Miner Raymond, who is now emeritus professor of systematic theology, and Dr. N. E. Simonson, principal of the Norwegian Danish department, there are seven teachers who give all of their time to the work of the Institute.

Dr. C. J. Little, who succeeded the lamented Dr. Bennett as professor of historical theology, is the well-known president of the institution. Not only in his own department, but in general scholarship, the cultured consciousness of Evanston accords Dr. Little a pre-eminent place. Let the stranger ask the first person he meets, student of the Institute or University professor, minister or man of business, who it is that dominates the thought of the community, and Dr. Little's name is invariably mentioned. To a Methodist who is not ashamed of his name or his creed, and who believes that the highest culture and the utmost loyalty to what is best

in the church have everything in common, such a response is reassuring.

In naming Dr. C. F. Bradley next to Dr. Little, I am only following the order of the catalogue, which seems to be arranged, after the name of the president, on the basis of years of service to the Institute. Dr. Bradley has held the chair of New Testament exegesis for more than twelve years, and is, therefore, the senior professor though still a young man. He came to his chair after a liberal training at home and abroad, and has done as much as any one person to make Garrett the successful and popular institution it is. His home on Hinman Avenue is one of the most beautiful and unique structures in a town known far and wide for its elegant homes. This Dr. and Mrs. Bradley have dedicated to the good cause of Christian hospitality.

Dr. M. S. Terry, who for many years held the chair of Old Testament exegesis, needs no introduction to you of the East. Indeed, wherever accurate and profound knowledge of the Scriptures is appreciated he requires none. But with all his scholarship Dr. Terry is the very antithesis of the Gradgrind professor. He never makes one feel that learning is a burden to him. His life is a standing refutation of the loose slander that to be a theologian one must needs be something else than a man. Dr. Terry holds the chair of Christian doctrine. It is rumored that he is at work upon a new book which will emphasize the sociological side of theology.

Rev. Charles Horswell, Ph. D., is one of the youngest men in the faculty, having graduated from Northwestern University in 1884. Dr. Horswell is professor of the Hebrew language and literature, having served his apprenticeship as instructor in elementary Hebrew and Greek. He is a born student and teacher and is daily adding to his natural and acquired gifts the results of hard study and practice. Shortly after his graduation Dr. Horswell was closely associated with Dr. Harper, now president of the University of Chicago, in the conduct of summer schools of Hebrew. He will soon bring out a work for the Epworth League — an introduction to Old Testament study.

The three new teachers at Garrett — Professors Bronson, Stuart and Hayes — hold the chairs respectively of practical theology, sacred rhetoric, and English exegesis. Their work thus far is of such a character as to demonstrate their peculiar fitness for the places they occupy. Dr. Bronson came to Evanston fresh from one of the largest churches in Iowa — Burlington — and he is able to come into vital touch with young men to whom the trying duties of the pastorate are all unknown. A few weeks ago at the Preachers' Meeting in Chicago, Dr. Bronson read an admirable paper on "The Minister and His Work," which was in substance a plea for manliness as the sine qua non of efficiency. Dr. Stuart's ability has long been demonstrated, particularly in his work on the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, whose columns always testified to the peculiar grace of his style. He is encouraging the young men under him to read widely and to do much writing. Dr. Hayes comes to Evanston after a successful pastorate in California, and a no less successful professorate at Denver. He is a graduate in arts of Ohio Wesleyan and in theology of Boston. He was also a student in Germany. He is every inch a scholar and an acknowledged master of his work. Under his direction the students are rapidly learning to be interpreters of Scripture.

Besides these that have been named as regular teachers, the Institute still continues to have the services of Professor Cunnock, the eminent teacher of education, and has engaged as regular lecturer on sociology Dr. Caldwell, professor of social ethics in Northwestern University. Dr. Caldwell is a young man, a graduate of Edinburgh University, and the author of a recent scholarly work, published by Macmillan, on Schopenhauer's philosophy.

With such teachers, working under a liberal and progressive board of trustees, it is easy to understand the progress of our Western theological school. Though surrounded by influences that are not all as helpful as they should be, the Institute continues to stand for a positive Christian life. Its teachers are identified with all those forces that make for the spiritual, and the graduates seem to be men who have had the inmost truths of the faith not only explained to their reason, but impressed upon their hearts.

The Preachers' Meeting has had some very interesting papers of late. I have already referred to Dr. Bronson's address on "The Minister and His Work." Following him came Dr. Scheil with an address on "The Philosophy of the Young People's Movement;" Mr. D. D. Thompson, assistant editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, on "The Religious Side of the Labor Movement;" and last Monday Mr. L. Wilbur Messer, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., on "How to Reach Young Men." All of these subjects were of the greatest interest.

The first gathering of the year under the auspices of the Social Union was held Friday, Jan. 22, at Hyde Park Church. There was a good attendance considering the extremely cold weather. Dr. Bronson spoke on "A Symmetrical Christian Life," Judge E. W. Burke gave an address on "The Christian Man in Business," and Dr. Crane, pastor of Trinity, talked on "The Practical Church." It was all very interesting. The next public meeting of the Union will be at one of the hotels.

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON VIII.

Sunday, February 21.

Acts 6: 8-15; 7: 54-60.

Rev. W. O. Holway, D. D., U. S. N.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

I. Preliminary.

1. Golden Text: *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*—Rev. 2: 10.
2. Date: A. D. 34 to 37; precise date uncertain.
3. Place: Jerusalem.
4. Connection: The argument of Gamaliel before the council; the scourging and release of the apostles; the great increase in the church; the selection of the seven deacons, including Stephen.
5. Home Readings: Monday—Acts 6: 8-15. Tuesday—Acts 7: 54-60. Wednesday—Heb. 11: 32-40. Thursday—Heb. 12: 1-5. Friday—Rom. 8: 31-39. Saturday—1 Cor. 1: 7-12. Sunday—Rev. 2: 1-11.

II. Introductory.

The appointment of Stephen to the deaconship furnished the opportunity for a career brief but splendid, ending in the earliest martyrdom, but bequeathing to the church, through the influence of its dying testimony, its foremost apostle. "Had not Stephen prayed, the church had not had Paul." Full of grace and seal, Stephen not only rivaled the twelve in signs and wonders, but went far beyond them in his teaching as to the true nature and extent of Christ's kingdom. The apostles, says Farrar, "were still lingering in the portals of the synagogue. For them the new wine of the kingdom had not yet burst the old wine-skins." But Stephen, freed from bondage to Judaism by reason of his Hellenistic training, preached a Gospel no longer subservient to the Law, nor fettered by its ceremonial. His bold, fervid proclamations soon brought him into collision with members of several of the Hellenist synagogues of the city who still clung to the Mosiac forms and rabbinic usages. We catch but a glimpse of the points at issue from the charges subsequently alleged, but it is evident that Stephen maintained, among other things, that the institutions of Moses had served their day and purpose; that the spiritual kingdom which Jesus was setting up required no temple or sacrifices; and that he enforced these statements with a cogency of argument which utterly silenced his opponents. In their anger they resorted to slander and violence. They bribed men to accuse him of blasphemy against Moses and against God. And when the people and the rulers had been sufficiently excited they suddenly arrested him, brought him before the council, and suborned witnesses to testify that he "ceased not" to denounce the temple and the law, and to declare that Jesus of Nazareth would "destroy this place, and change the customs which Moses delivered." Stephen fully realized that the great crisis of his life had come, and the needed grace was not wanting. Before uttering a word of his memorable defence, so evident was the descent of the Spirit upon him that the brightness irradiated his face. He seemed not to be haled by the Sheshinah itself, and when the council turned to gaze upon him, they "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

Stephen's defence—one of the most remarkable on record—closed with an invective as audacious as it was deserved. He dared to call his judges, on whose decision his life hung and who prided themselves on their circumspection and covenant privileges, "stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears." He hurled in their very teeth the charges of having resisted the Holy Ghost, of having murdered the prophets and "the Just," and of having repeatedly broken the Law (which they had accused him of blaspheming), though they had "received it by the dispensation of angels." This scathing outburst lashed the council to fury. They forgot their judicial dignity, and "gnashed on him with their teeth." Stephen perceived at once that his words had been in vain; that his truthful, though scorching, indictment, instead of melting their obstinacy, had kindled their hate. As the tumult of fierce passions raged around him, he calmly gazed upward. And as he gazed the roof seemed to fade away, and the heavens to cleave asunder, and to disclose to him a glory not of earth, and Jesus in the white radiance standing at God's right hand. He could not hold his peace. In an ecstasy that drowned all sense of peril he exclaimed, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God"—standing, not sitting, as though waiting to welcome to the prepared mansions the

spirit of this faithful witness and earliest martyr.

The rage of the council broke through all restraint at Stephen's final declaration. To hear the crucified Nazarene proclaimed to be "the Son of man," and stationed at the post of supreme authority at God's right hand, was to them an intolerable blasphemy. Stopping their ears they rushed on him with an angry yell, seized him, hustled him out of the temple and through the streets and city gate, and stoned him. The false witnesses, who, by the law, were required to throw the first stones, snatched off their outer garments, and laid them at the feet of a young man, doubtless a leader in this act of savage violence, named Saul—the first mention in history of one who became memorable. As the cruel stones began to smite him—the usual precaution of producing insensibility having been omitted in the fury of the moment—the heroic man uttered a prayer which sounded like an echo from the Cross—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" And when, bleeding and dying, he had fallen upon his knees, his last words showed how truly he possessed his Master's temper: "He cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" "With that cry," says Farrar, "he passed from the wrath of man to the peace of God. The historian ends the bloody tragedy with one weighty and beautiful word, 'He fell asleep.'"

III. Expository.

8. Stephen.—His Greek name indicates that he was a Hellenist. Of his previous life and training nothing is known. He heads the list of the seven deacons, just as Peter heads that of the apostles, by reason of his pre-eminent gifts. The name means "crown." Full of faith (R. V., "grace") and power—so filled that, besides attending to his "ministration," he wrought a succession of miracles, and, though not holding the office or title of apostle, surpassed even the twelve both in teaching and in signs. Did great wonders and miracles—R. V., "wrought great wonders and signs."

9, 10. There arose—introducing a new disturbing element. Certain of the synagogue.—Jerusalem contained four hundred and eighty synagogues, it is said, many of them, if not all, built by foreign Jews. Libertines—or "freemen." These are supposed to have been the descendants of the Jews who were sent as captives to Rome, about B. C. 63, by Pompey and sold as slaves, but had been liberated, and, about twelve or thirteen years previous to this time, had been banished from Rome by a decree of Tiberias. They would naturally go back to Judea, and would have a synagogue in the holy city. The Libertines, therefore, would be Roman Jews. Cyrenians.—Cyrene was a large city in northern Africa; one-fourth of its population were Jews. Alexandrians.—Alexandria was the famous Egyptian city at the mouth of the Nile, a great literary and philosophical centre, the home of Philo, and the place where the Greek version of the Hebrew Testament (the Septuagint) was made. Cilicians—a province of Asia Minor, on the sea-coast. Its capital was Tarsus, and of this synagogue Saul was probably a leading member. Asia—pro-consular Asia, having Ephesus for its capital. Disputing with Stephen—whose zeal for Jesus, and freedom from tradition, and subversive doctrines, would naturally arouse resistance. Doubtless Saul was a leading disputant against this fervid Hellenist. Not able to resist (R. V., "withstand") the wisdom and the spirit (R. V., "spirit") by which he spoke.—Stephen's clear perception of the fulfillment of the Law and the Prophets in the person of Jesus, and of the dawn of a new dispensation, was urged with such irresistible zeal and convincing power that his opponents were clearly worsted.

11. Suborned men—secretly bribed men to testify falsely. Finding they could not answer Stephen, they determined to crush him, even at the expense of perjury themselves in so doing. Blasphemous words.—These witnesses were to raise the charge of blasphemy—the charge on which our Saviour was condemned. The specifications, which are mentioned in verse 14, were that Stephen had declared that Jesus would destroy the temple and abolish the Mosiac ritual. We have not Stephen's exact language, but as his opponents were compelled to use false witnesses, we have a right to infer that these specifications were a perversion, to say the least, of his real statements.

12-14. Stirred up the people.—This time the opponents of the church were wily enough to excite the popular indignation against their victim; it was an easy matter to inflame the council. Caught him—R. V., "seized him." Set up false witness—"false" in the sense of distorting or exaggerating Stephen's word. Holy place—the temple. This Jesus of Nazareth—spoken contemptuously. Destroy this place.—Jesus had said (Matt. 25) that the Gentiles (not Himself) would destroy it. Stephen therefore, speaking in the Spirit, could never have made such an assertion. Change the customs.—Even Paul, when charged with a similar specification, denied it (Acts 25: 8). This was simply the inference which Stephen's accusers put upon his language.

15 Looking steadfastly on him (R. V., "fastening their eyes on him")—to hear what

answer he would make to these capital charges. The face of an angel—an unearthly radiance, beaming from his face, like that which illumined the face of Moses when he came down from the Mount; the external sign of the indwelling God. "The occasion," says Schaff, "was worthy of the miracle."

54-56. When they heard these things—the personal denunciations and charges with which Stephen's defence suddenly closed (verses 51-53). Cut to the heart—literally "sawn through," a figurative expression of intense exasperation. If they had only accepted the truth, and been "pricked in their hearts," they might have repented instead of adding another murder to the red list. Gnashed on him.—In their fury and ferocity they cannot for the moment speak; they can only grind their teeth. The expression is also found in the Old Testament and signifies "furious hate" (Job. 16: 9; Psalm 35: 16). Full of the Holy Ghost.—If his wrathful outburst had been excited by personal feeling or earthly passion, it would be impossible to explain his present fullness of the Spirit or the accompanying vision. The flame of Stephen's anger was a righteous flame, kindled by "the Spirit of burning." Looked up steadfastly—the attitude of physical uplook, but the vision was not physical, but spiritual. Had the vision been addressed to the senses, the council could have seen all that Stephen saw. Saw the glory of God—"the light unapproachable in which God is represented as clothed" (1 Tim. 6: 16); manifested in Old Testament times by the appearance of the Shekinah, the cloud of light, called both in Old and New Testaments "the glory of God" (Abbott). Jesus standing on the right hand of God.—We may not attempt to define too precisely what Stephen saw. He evidently recognized Jesus; recognized also His attitude (standing, and not sitting, as though He could not sit while His faithful confessor was in danger); recognized, too, His position—at God's right hand. Says Whedon: "If Stephen saw One at the right hand of God, he must have seen the God at whose right hand he was. . . . He must have beheld the glory condensed to a centre, or, at any rate, there must have been some local symbol which he recognized as God." Behold, I see.—He cannot conceal the amazing vision. Perhaps, in his transport at this disclosure, he is unconscious that he is speaking at all. The Son of man—Daniel's phrase for the Messiah, quoted often by Christ, and applied to Himself. "Certain it is that this is the only passage of the New Testament where Jesus is called the Son of man by lips other than His own" (Farrar).

57, 58. Cried out with a loud voice.—What they cried is not known. Their exasperation at what they regarded as blasphemy became at this moment ungovernable. They had "gnashed on him with their teeth;" their cry was now probably a brutal howl or yell. Stopped their ears—to express their abhorrence and to shut out further blasphemy (!). Ran (R. V., "rushed") upon him—a simultaneous, violent assault upon or seizure of his person. No sentence had been passed. Cast him out of the city—dragged or pushed him through the streets, and through either the northern gate leading to Damascus, or through that which bears his name, on the east. Even in their rage his murderers respected the requirement that stoning should be done outside the camp or walled city (Lev. 24: 14). The place is uncertain. Stoned him.—Stoning was the punishment prescribed for blasphemy (Lev. 24: 16). The witnesses—who were required by law to cast the first stone. Laid down their clothes (R. V., "garments")—for safe keeping. A young man.—Men were considered "young" until forty among Greeks and Jews. Paul was probably not less than thirty. Saul—afterwards Paul. "He kept the clothes of them all; and so, in a certain sense, stoned Stephen with the hands of them all" (Augustine).

59, 60. Stoned Stephen—stoned him while he prayed. Whedon notes the exquisite pathos which leads Luke a second time to say that they "stoned" him: "As if Luke was an eye-wit-

ness, the image of the brutal stoning seems to linger in his mental vision." Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.—The first martyr in the dying hour prays to Jesus and commits to Him his departing spirit. All who "die in the Lord" are entitled to follow his example. Kneeling down—forced to this attitude by the shower of stones, or assuming it voluntarily as the last act of his remaining strength. Cried with a loud voice—loud enough to be heard above the curses of his murderers. Lay not this sin, etc.—So his Master had prayed. "This was a new spirit and a new prayer in this dark world" (Whedon). "No parallel to the prayer of Stephen can be found outside of Christian history" (Hackett). Fell asleep—died. This beautiful expression had been occasionally used both by Jewish and Greek writers, but it was first adopted by Christians in speaking of their dead. Its derivative, *koinometerion*, our "cemetery," was also first adopted by Christians to designate the place where the bodies of those who die in Christ sleep in resurrection hope.

IV. Inferential.

1. There is no hate so deadly as religious hate. Bigotry makes men fiendish. The so-called "religious wars" have been of all others the most sanguinary.
2. Extraordinary visions are reserved for extraordinary emergencies, but the Christian's upward gaze in times of trial will not fail of reward. Faith still sees a sympathizing Jesus at God's right hand.
3. Stephen's meekness in the midst of deadly assault may still be imitated. Stones are still flung, cruel wounds inflicted, and happy is he who, smarting under injuries undeserved, can forbear to retaliate or denounce, and can pray for those who slander, or revile, or persecute him.
4. "God giveth His beloved sleep." They that keep Christ's words never taste of death; they sleep in Him and awake in His likeness.
5. The attempt to crush the faith by persecution often results in its wider dissemination.

In Brief.—Whom men reject, God often receives.—If Christ's resurrection had not been a fact, a reality, Stephen had not died. "Dying men do not cling to devotional fancies or to precarious opinions; the soul in its last agony instinctively falls back upon its dearest certainties" (Liddon).—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." The true Christian carries Christ within him everywhere.—We are called to be followers of those who "through faith and patience inherit the promises."—Paul consents to Stephen's death, and Paul submits to Stephen's Lord.

The publication in the London *Expositor* of three papers on Christian perfection by the accomplished Wesleyan scholar and theologian, Dr. Joseph Agar Beet, will be watched with great interest. The first paper has already appeared in the January number, and the conclusions there reached as to the word "perfect" are fully in accord with the modern rather than the ancient teaching. He considers that the adjective means matured, developed, and that it denotes "whole-hearted loyalty to God." He thinks it clear that St. Paul did not use the word to "describe one definite stage of spiritual development;" and that "the words 'perfect' and 'perfected' denote, in the first epistle of John, not a definite stage of spiritual life, but a full outworking of that love which is the essence of God." He adds:—

"In the New Testament the word 'perfect' describes not actual persons nor actual spiritual attainment, but a moral goal set before men for their pursuit and attainment. . . . We also notice that the goal described is not always the same. . . . The teaching of the New Testament about perfection, as a whole, holds before us, for our pursuit and attainment, a measure of moral and intellectual and spiritual maturity as much above the actual condition of some of the members of the apostolic churches as is the strength and development of manhood above the weakness and waywardness of a child. He sets before us a moral and spiritual ideal suited to every one in every position in life. . . . St. Paul taught that the surest mark of spiritual maturity is consciousness of the need of, and eagerness for, still further growth."

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AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

X.

Athens.

Dora M. Jones.

IT is hard to realize what our friends tell us of cold and rain and fog at home, while we are coasting the isles of Greece upon a summer sea. We passed Stromboli on the morning of the 27th. The crater cleft was plainly visible, and out of it ascended a slender pillar of smoke, spreading itself out, as it rose into the air, into a great white cloud shaped like a pine-tree — just such a cloud in form as Pliny the Younger saw hovering over Vesuvius on the eve of the eruption that destroyed Pompeii. We saw one pale streak meandering down the face of the mountain, and giving off a steamy smoke. Had it been midnight, sky and sea would have been reddened by the lava glare, but in strong sunshine it is hardly discernible.

During the afternoon, as we were passing through the Straits of Messina, we had a most delightful panorama spread before us — Messina, with its fort and lighthouse; further down, Reggio; and then one little Sicilian coast village after another at the foot of the crumpled slopes dotted with olives. As we said good-bye to Sicily, the last thing we saw was the peak of Etna towering gigantic above a crowd of lesser hills, with a girdle of white cloud about his mighty flanks, and another small banner of cloud floating over the crater peak.

About midday there was a great mustering of field-glasses on the promenade deck, for the Ionian islands were in view. Zante on the left in purple shade, and on the right the cliffs of Cephalonia rosy and violet in an opal sea. The clearness of the atmosphere gives an indescribable brilliance and delicacy to the coloring of these coasts. The entrance to the Gulf of Corinth just after sunset was a dream of beauty. The sky above us was an exquisite rose-washed blue passing into glowing crimson towards the head of the gulf, and in the light of it the glassy waters shone with a pale amethyst lustre.

Next morning passengers were admonished to rise early, so as to be on deck during the passage of the Corinth Canal. I disregarded this intimation, and what I saw of the Canal, that is to say the last furlong or so, as we came out into the Gulf of Athens, did not incline me to regret it. We were steaming through a channel about twice the width of our boat, with a wall of crumbly rock on either side, faced with a stone parapet. Two or three of the inhabitants, wild-haired, black-bearded fellows, in blue cotton shirts and knickerbockers, appeared on the top of the cutting from time to time, and eyed us with interest. Before long we sighted Salamis, the scene of the famous sea-fight when the Athenians shattered the invading might of Persia; and about twelve we could distinguish beyond the masts and warehouses of the Piræus, clearly outlined against the vague forms of the mountains of the interior, the high conical hill of Lycabettus, crowned with its monastery, and lower, and a little in front, a precipitous rock crowned with white buildings, which caught the sunshine, and which was the world-famed Acropolis. To this point all our eyes were fastened as we sailed into the harbor of Piræus, with its quays and men-of-war of all nations, its churches and arsenal, and pretty pink houses with gardens of orange and oleander. It seemed a long time to our impatience before the train set us down in the Monastirion station at the foot of the Acropolis and close to the Place de la Constitution. In this pretty palm-shaded square, one side of which is formed by the grounds of the big white Royal Palace, is the Hotel Grande Bretagne where we lunched, after which we found our guides waiting for us in the vestibule and set forth to view the remains of

Ancient Athens.

I am going to be quite sincere — the first impression was one of disappointment. In our own country, however unkind the climate may be to all relics of the past, that is almost atoned for by the abundant verdure and the mantling ivy, which soften and disguise the impression of destruction and decay. Any one who knows the ruins of Fountains Abbey, or the Green Court of Canterbury Cathedral, will appreciate the feeling with which, as we drew near the famous temple of Olympian Zeus, we saw the gigantic remains of the original colonnade, once snow-white, now stained a warm yellow with over two thousand years of weather, rising out of the

dusty plain, with various mean buildings and scrubby little shrubs in the background, where a squad of blue soldiers were exercising. I tried to remind myself that this was the great Olympion of Hadrian, the lover of Greece, that here from time immemorial the father of gods and men had been worshiped, and that close by ran the Ilissos, famous in song and story. In vain; my only feeling was that it was very hot, that the dust was unpleasant, and that the Ilissos was a miserable little dry ditch.

In this inappropriate frame of mind I followed the guide up the slope of the road leading to the Acropolis, lined with graceful pepper trees, all powdered with a fine white dust. On the left is the steep hill crowned by the monument to the Syrian Philopappus, and on the right, within a railing, is the ruined theatre of Dionysos from which rises the Acropolis rock. A little further on is the broken facade of the Odeon of Herodes Atticus, a building of the Roman period, roofed over and devoted to musical performances.

Entering by the Baulé gate, we climb the steps to the Propylæa, and scramble up the broad shallow marble steps under its huge colonnade, to the platform at the summit of the hill. At the corner of the rock is the exquisite little temple of Niké Apteros. Standing on this point and looking

"Eastward away to the flowery Hymettus. Westward where Salamis gleams in the bay,"

we have the view which legend tells us was beheld by the father of Theseus, as he scanned the sea day after day for the ship that was to bring back his hero from his perilous quest. At last he saw the returning bark, but without the white sail which Theseus had promised to hoist in token of success, and in despair he flung himself from the rock and perished.

Leaving this little temple, the Parthenon fronts you in the majesty of a beauty over which time and decay seem to have no power. On the left is the Erechtheum, called after the son of Oecrops. Here is the famous Porch of the Maidens. There is all the freedom and joyousness of Greek youth in these six figures, on whose heads the roof of the portico rests, without the slightest appearance of weight and constraint.

From the north of the platform you see the modern town of Athens, with its neat pink and yellow two-story houses, and its colonnaded gymnasia, aggressively new and seeming to smell of fresh paint. In the midst here and there rose the quaint dome of some old Byzantine or Latin Crusading church, carrying one's mind back to the vicissitudes of the city, and its successive occupation by the Romans, Byzantines, Latins, and Turks. Below us not far from the Temple of Winds rose the pretentiously ugly pile of the new Cathedral, with the much more interesting small Metropolitan Church, said to have been founded by the Empress Irene.

By the time we had visited the interesting little museum, the sun was setting behind Salamis, and the west was flushed with delicate rose and gold. In this solemn western light the shattered columns and fragment-strewn esplanade seemed haunted with many voices. One began to understand what it was in these few relics, rising as it were out of a sea of desolation, which has fixed the love and admiration of the world on this one spot of rock.

The next morning early I was on the

Acropolis Hill

with one companion. We went up from the station by the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect monument extant of classical Greek architecture. It is not a large building; indeed, one is struck with the comparatively small area occupied by most of the Greek temple ruins; their effect depends upon perfection of proportion and severe harmony of line. At the same time we must not overlook the fact that the rich and splendid decorations which adorned these buildings in the days of their pride, the gold and bronze shields, the numerous statues and reliefs, the colored friezes, the slabs of variegated marble, have all been swept away. The small rock of the Acropolis is just above, commanding a fine view of the town and of the Acropolis, which from this point is strikingly like the Castle Rock at Edinburgh. Near its foot are some blocks of stone enclosed with a rail, which represent what was once the dreaded chasm of the Furies. All about, the bare dusty hillside slopes up to the Propylæa, clothed here and there with sturdy brown thistles and tufts of coarse grass, the pasture of the casual goat.

Nothing carries you back more completely into old Greek life than to sit for half an hour in the Theatre of Dionysos. Above

you is the face of the Acropolis rock, still bearing the traces of the two terraces into which it was divided. The auditorium of the theatre is carved out in the solid rock, and is open to the sky. In front is the orchestra, paved with large square stones, with a lozenge-shaped space of marble in the centre, which was probably occupied by the altar of Dionysos. A low parapet divided the orchestra from the auditorium. The stage is faced with marble bas-reliefs and supported by crouching figures of Silenus. In the background is Pentalicous and the Bay of Salamis. One could picture the chorus in flowing robes sweeping into the orchestra and passing in procession round the altar of the god in whose honor the performance is supposed to be held.

Then my enterprising comrade dragged me, in spite of the heat, to the top of the hill bearing the monument of Philopappus. This erection bears an uninteresting bas-relief, supposed to refer to the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, and is certainly not worth the trouble of the climb; but the unmatched view of the Acropolis with all its monuments, the Arch of Hadrian, the Olympion and Palace Gardens on one side, and the Pentalicous range sweeping round to Salamis and Phalerum on the other, quite repays one for the exertion of the ascent. We then found our way to the hotel to join our party at lunch and in the drive to Eleusis, which Mr. Lunn had arranged for the afternoon.

The Street of Hermes, down which we went from the Place de la Constitution, bisects the city from east to west, and is a pleasant thoroughfare, with passable shops, bearing the names in uncanny Greek characters over the doors. We crossed the Kephissos, a narrow brook, which of course at this season was perfectly dry, and passed the site of Plato's Academy among the olive groves, striking at last into the Sacred Way of the pilgrims to Eleusis. As we entered the valley between Egaleos and Carydalis, the hills, which in the neighborhood of Athens are so arid and rocky, took on a pleasant garment of verdure.

After leaving the pass of Daphne, the road sinks gradually toward the sea level, and soon we see the Bay Eleusis, and stretching inland the Thriasian plain, according to the legend the first spot of earth to know the arts of the husbandman. The sun was getting low as we came down from the mountains upon the shore of the bay. The road lay between a small salt lake in which some men were fishing, once sacred to the priestesses of Eleusis, and the sea, with Salamis full in view, and a line of mountains to the north, skirting the plain with its olive groves. The landscape had the severe and delicate beauty so characteristic of Greece, the outline of the hills appearing singularly fine and distinct in the lucid atmosphere.

Eleusis

is a rather uninteresting little hamlet grouped about a large Greek church. We ordered coffee at the little inn where we stopped, and sat outside to drink it under the veranda covered with dried fern. It was served in tiny cups in the Turkish fashion, sweetened, with the grounds at the bottom, and without milk, and we found it remarkably refreshing.

Then we started for the ruins, which are scattered along the hillside which rises abruptly above it to the ancient citadel of Eleusis. A small church with a belfry stands on the northeast of the ridge, and to the south is the little museum containing statues and inscriptions found in the ruins. There is practically nothing left standing of the ancient building. Those who are initiated into archaeological mysteries can make out the pavement of the great hall of the Temple, and the traces of the larger and lesser Propylæe. Here and there an altar or the capital of some column, with the carved acanthus leaves still fresh and fine, after centuries of oblivion, emerges from the waste of fragments which covers the ancient site. Vague must be all our ideas of the shrine as it was in its glory.

As we returned to our carriages we found the population collected in front of the inn; men in white kilts and sheepskin coats, barefooted women in their short blue petticoats, or one two of whom had spindles and distaffs, which they were plying as they stood. In front, the papa or priest, with his long black gown, black hat with a rim round the upper edge, black beard, and long black hair twisted into a knot behind, stood beaming benevolently among his flock. The Greek priests do not adopt the theory of ascetic isolation which is supposed to characterize the Roman clergy. They marry and live among their people, supporting themselves chiefly by husbandry, while the

papina sometimes manages a small shop. The first thing to see in the Museum at Athens

is the Mykenian room, containing the results of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries — golden vases and goblets, exquisitely wrought golden ornaments, golden masks to preserve the faces of the dead, terracotta vases of every shape and form, recalling the Homeric descriptions of the shield of Achilles and the gifts interchanged by heroes. These, of course, must not be looked upon as products of indigenous Greek art. They were in all probability brought by craftsmen from Sidon and Egypt. The type of figure represented on the vases is distinctly Egyptian — warriors with long eyes, black pointed beards, and their hair fastened in a loop behind. In the room of Archaic statues the stiff and solemn Apollo reminds one of Egyptian work. The curious smile on the compressed lips and half-closed eyelids of these early statues recalls the enigmatic expression that Leonardo da Vinci gave to his faces of women. Strange that the endeavor of a consummate painter to seize the mystery of personality should recall the first tentatives of an infant artist! The figure of a youth in the same room shows the transition to a freer and more natural handling, in the more full and accurate modeling of the limbs, and a less conventional treatment of the hair, which, instead of being trained into stiff ringlets, is short and wavy, and bound only with a fillet.

Nothing in the collection impressed me more than the rooms devoted to sepulchral reliefs, brought from tombs in all parts of Greece, and wrought, most of them, not by well-known artists, but by humbler craftsmen, even by village stone-masons. One cannot study them without feeling how thoroughly artistic feeling and instinct must have permeated the whole of the Hellenic race, to produce such results. One fears that an examination of English tombstones would lead to a very different conclusion. Take one, for instance, in which the principal figures are two women, both of the fairest type of Attic comeliness. One, seated, holds the hand of the other, who stands before her, attired for a journey. Behind is the bearded figure of a man; his right hand, wrapped in his robe, supports his chin. You cannot miss the meaning, the pathos, of those clasped hands. This is an eternal parting. Grief is there, but no wild outcry, no disfiguring passion; only the quiet gesture, fixed forever, of that tender and reluctant farewell. The idea in all the reliefs is similar. Sometimes it is a husband girded for a journey saying farewell to his wife, while the young daughter clings behind her mother's chair. Sometimes a young son and the aged father, with the mother leaning upon the back of the throne. In one relief is a young infant with its nurse, and in the abundance of homely detail even the household dog and cat are included.

That macabre and gruesome element which intrudes into all mediæval representations of death is here conspicuous by its absence. The inborn taste and sensitiveness of these people would not allow them to associate with their dear ones dead, the ghastly images of mortal corruption. "No ghastly skeleton," as Schiller says, "then stepped before the bed of the dying," but the Genius of Death, fair and still as sleep, his twin-brother, came softly with inverted torch, and kissed them to the sleep that knows no waking.

So at last the spirit of Athens laid hold of us, and it was with a feeling that "the half had not been told us" that we said good-bye to the heights of the Acropolis. All night we were sailing among the Aegean islands. About ten this morning we passed the ringing plains of windy Troy, with Mount Ida in the distance, and Troas-Alexandria, where Paul saw in a vision the man of Macedonia, and heard the appeal, "Come over and help us." On the other side were Tenedos and the mountains of Lemnos. At Chénak, in the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, a place of hideous torts and expensive potteries, we had to stop and show our papers. At this point Xerxes conveyed his army into Greece by means of a bridge of boats, the army of Alexander paying a return visit by the same route a hundred and fifty years later. Here Leander swam across to Hero — a feat imitated by Lord Byron and some British naval officers in our own time. All formalities accomplished, we steamed gaily through the narrow seas, and anchored about midnight just outside the Golden Horn.

S. S. "Midnight Sun."

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Does not stain or injure the hands. Does not burn red.

MORSE BROS. PROP. CANTON, MASS. U.S.A.

SUN PASTE

Best Quality - Largest Quantity

FOR A QUICK SHINE APPLIED AND POLISHED WITH A CLOTH

MORSE BROS. PROP. CANTON, MASS. U.S.A.

TOILET SAVING

The Conferences.

(Continued from Page 5.)

tion at Newfields by Rev. A. B. Howell, and three men gave themselves to the Lord Sunday evening.

Essex.—It is reported as having a grand work in revival, scores having been happily born of the Spirit, and the church being thronged night after night with earnest men and women giving themselves to Jesus and rejoicing in His love.

Dover District.—Anxious praying for the recovery of Rev. C. U. Dunning, a former presiding elder, whose serious illness and suffering distresses us all.

Methuen.—All will rejoice to know that Rev. J. W. Adams is gaining in health and hopes to begin his work carefully very soon now. He will doubtless find it wise to turn aside from the effective list at the coming Conference session, and if he makes his home in Methuen will be a grand brotherly helper and counselor to the pastor who may be fortunate enough to succeed him. G. W. N.

Vermont Conference.

Montpelier District.

Northfield.—The Epworth League has arranged a lecture course as follows: Jan. 26, "The Human Paradox," Rev. E. M. Smith, D. D., of Montpelier; Feb. 11, Rev. C. O. Judkins, of Windsor; Feb. 23, Rev. Andrew Gillies, of White River Junction; Mar. 9, "A Day and a Night with 'Mummy,'" by the pastor, Rev. L. P. Tucker.

West Berlin.—Rev. L. P. Tucker, of Northfield, conducted the quarterly meeting at this place, Jan. 26. Five persons were baptized.

Montpelier.—The pastor, Rev. A. H. Webb, has recently received into the church 5 by letter, 3 from probation, 3 on probation, and baptized 2 persons. At the Seminary the Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed by three preaching services, with sermons by Rev. L. L. Beaman, of Montpelier District, Rev. H. A. Spencer, of Springfield, and Rev. L. O. Sherburne, of St. Albans District.

Windsor.—The pastor, Rev. C. O. Judkins, is holding special revival services with good results. Last Sunday 5 were received into the church—2 from probation and 3 by letter—9 were received on probation, and 1 was baptized.

Randolph.—The Week of Prayer was observed by union meetings of special interest. Many began the Christian life. The pastor, Rev. F. K. Graves, has been presented by his people with a beautiful fur coat.

Wilmington and Whittingham.—Mr. C. D. Spencer, one of our enterprising stewards at Wilmington, chartered a special train last Tuesday evening to run to Whittingham, and then gave notice of a free ride to members of the church and congregation who would go and patronize the chicken-pie supper and entertainment gotten up by the Ladies' Aid of Whittingham for the benefit of the pastor, Rev. J. E. Farrow. The result was a large crowd, a fine time, and a good amount of cash for the pastor.

Quebec.—Union services with the Congregational society have been held for three weeks with profit to all. The services are continued at the Methodist Church during the present week. Rev. S. P. Fairbanks, of Olcott, is assisting the pastor, Rev. E. R. Currier.

Brownsville.—The quarterly meeting and communion service last Sunday was followed in the evening by a social service at which time six persons indicated a determination to begin a Christian life. L. L.

St. Albans District.—Special meetings have been held. Rev. H. A. Spencer, of Springfield, assisted.

Waitsfield.—Rev. A. H. Webb delivered a lecture in the course Feb. 2. His subject was, "England and English Customs."

Ipswich.—The social at Hon. N. W. Fisk's for the benefit of Rev. C. W. Ross was well attended.

Bakersfield.—Seven persons were baptized at the church, Sunday, Jan. 24.

Suttons.—At the quarterly meeting, Jan. 24, Presiding Elder Sherburne preached an ex-

cellent sermon. Six persons were admitted on probation and three were taken into the full membership of the church.

Essex Junction.—Rev. S. S. Brigham preached at the Union Church, Jan. 24, in exchange with Rev. C. P. Taplin. A well-filled house listened to a most interesting sermon.

Milton Boro.—The fifth lecture in the Epworth League course was given Feb. 12, Friday evening, by Rev. C. S. Nutter, his subject being "American Ideas."

Moretown.—The expense on the church repairs was \$1,648. It is all paid.

Waterville.—The cost of renewing the Union Church building was \$1,175, all of which is secured.

The presiding elder attends all the quarterly conferences this quarter by holding them in the morning, afternoon and evening. This indicates work and self-denial at this season of the year. D.

New England Conference.

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—Addresses are expected next Monday at the Preachers' Meeting from Drs. J. W. E. Bowen, W. A. Spencer, and A. B. Leonard.

South District.

West Roxbury.—Commencing with a watch-night service, revival meetings were held in this church every evening except Saturdays up to Jan. 31. The church was greatly benefited, and twelve have professed saving faith in Jesus Christ. Rev. D. P. Holt, the pastor, and his wife, took charge of this church, Feb. 3, 1896, and great good has been done since. There is an increasing interest in the Epworth League, the Sabbath-school, and all lines of work.

Cherry Valley.—The pastor, Rev. Geo. R. Grose, has held special services nightly except Saturdays since watch-night. Saved souls and a quickened church are among the fruits of the extra work. The pastor for the most part worked alone, loyally sustained by the church. An earnest spirit of faith and labor now prevails. Mr. Grose has a strong hold on the community, and the people are enthusiastic for his return another year.

Worcester.—The recent meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society with Mrs. A. B. F. Kinney on Harrington Avenue was one of the most interesting in the history of the organization. It was largely attended, and Miss Edith Kinney told of missionary work as she has observed it in her stay at Hadfield, while Mr. Kinney took his visitors to the upper regions to show them his trophies from the chase, and to tell them stories of his adventures in the far West. No resident of this city has a more extensive repertoire in this line than Mr. Kinney.

Revels.—The extra meetings at Trinity have been productive of much good. The same may be said of Evangelist Weber's labors at Webster Square. He is now conducting successful services at Coral St. The other churches are also doing their part in pushing forward the good work.

Exchanges.—Rev. Dr. C. D. Hills, of Haverhill, was recently in his old pulpit at Grace; but what a change must have saluted his eyes! I doubt whether he could have recalled a score of his old listeners in the large audience before him. Yet he has been away from Worcester only a little more than twenty years. Time has wrought great changes in the congregation that he knew. Many have gone to other societies, more have joined the majority on the other side. This exchange was brought about through Pastor Thompson's going to New Bedford to give a talk on Robert Burns to the Y. M. C. A. there and also to preach in one of the Methodist churches. Dr. Hills was tendered a very pleasant reception Sunday evening at the home of P. Foster White, one of the few prominent remaining members of twenty and more years ago. On the same day Rev. Messrs. Holway and Mansfield exchanged pulpits.

Trinity.—Last Sunday the pastor, Rev. Raymond F. Holway, received 39 persons on probation—the fruit, in part, of the revival services held by the pastor for six weeks, assisted by the official board, church members, and workers in the Epworth League. He also received 12 in full membership—4 by letter and 8 by profession. Others will unite with the church later.

Chinese.—Grace Church has pretty near a monopoly of the Celestial teaching of Worcester. It takes a deal of time and patience, and let us hope that it is effective. Still one's faith is a trifle weakened when he reads of the number of arrests at a game of fautan. Progress is slow among the children of the Flowery Kingdom. QUA.

North District.

Leominster.—Special services were held through the month of January, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. F. Allen, resulting in a number of conversions and a general quickening of the church membership. The Sabbath congregations are very large, particularly at the evening preaching service. All departments of work are vigorous and a hopeful spirit prevails. At the fourth quarterly conference Mr. Allen received a unanimous invitation to serve this church another year.

Harvard St., Cambridge.—Last Sunday morning at this church the pastor, Rev. George Skene, received 60 upon probation as the result of the recent special services, a large number of whom were baptized. So large a throng gathered about the altar, seeking admission to the church, was a very interesting and encouraging sight.

Woburn.—Last Sunday 2 certificates of membership were read, 3 persons were baptized, and 6 were received into full membership by the pastor, Rev. A. M. Osgood. The course of lectures by Ezekiel Butterworth, G. W. Pennington, Dr. N. T. Whitaker, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Rev. Francis A. Horton, followed by an evening with the Boston University Club, is well patronized. Religious interest in the city is increasing. Three union meetings have been held, with sermons from Drs. G. F. Eaton, A. P. Foster, and J. A. McElwaine. Rev. M. C. Beale did good service on the evening of Feb. 7.

East District.

Meridian St., East Boston.—On Sunday, Feb. 7, the pastor, Rev. L. W. Staples, received 18 on probation, 1 in full, and 4 by letter. The revival is still going on.

St. Luke's, Lynn.—A blessed work of grace is in progress in this church. The pastor, Rev. William Fall, is being ably assisted by Rev. M. W. Plummer, who has won the hearts of the people by his earnestness and devotion to the

work. Over twenty persons have so far professed conversion and there are seekers at every service. A deeply impressive sight was witnessed at the close of the school last Sunday, when after a touching address by Mrs. E. E. Leger the altar was filled with seekers, some of them being heads of families and a number of young ladies attending the high school of the city.

Rockport.—Sunday, Jan. 31, 9 were baptized, 10 received on probation, and 3 by letter. Others will follow. The congregations at all services show a marked increase, and at Sunday-school the attendance is larger than ever before. A home department has been organized, with 50 members. The pastor, Rev. Joseph Candlin, and his wife have built up flourishing Bible classes, and are successful on all lines of work. Although the town suffers from lack of business and a scarcity of money, our church is in as good financial condition as at any corresponding period.

Stoneham.—Rev. Ralph Gilliam, evangelist, is to begin a series of union services in this town, Feb. 16. All the meetings are to be held in the Methodist church. Rev. J. H. Pillsbury, pastor.

Ipswich.—This church has recently lost two of its aged men. Mr. Lewis Choate had been a member in good standing since 1849. Mr. Daniel Clarke united with the church and subscribed for Zion's Herald in 1830. To both he was loyal to the day of his death. In spite of thirteen removals by letter and death, this church has made a net gain in its full membership and received 13 on probation since Conference. The graded Sunday-school with constantly increasing attendance and collections marks this church as in the progressive line, and five live class meetings indicate that it has not departed from the faith of the fathers. Rev. J. H. Weber begins union meetings here Feb. 24. Rev. G. F. Durgin, pastor.

Gloucester, Riverdale Church.—At Thanksgiving time the pastor, Rev. J. F. Meers, and his family were remembered by the gift of a seventeen-pound turkey, some fixings, and \$12.50 in cash. Christmas brought a barrel of flour and other tokens of kind regard. Watch-night services were attended by a goodly number, who reconsecrated themselves to Christ and His kingdom. The prayer and class meetings are seasons of blessing to a large number of people. Jan. 24 was a remarkable day on account of the large attendance at the observance of the Lord's Supper. Three ladies were baptized and five taken on probation. The following Monday evening was the occasion of a pleasant gathering at the residence of twenty-nine of the thirty-five probationers who have been converted in the recent revival. In behalf of the company Mr. Harvey Griffin, in a very timely speech, presented the pastor with a "Royal Scroll"—a collection of pictures from the

masterpieces of art, representing Bible scenes. The reply on the part of the recipient was followed by an examination of the pictures presented, singing, and a good time generally. Then the ladies served a collation, after which prayer was offered and the company retired.

The semi-annual convention of the North District Epworth League, held at St. Paul's Church, Ipswich, Wednesday, Jan. 27, was very interesting. All the 35 Leagues represented at roll-call will undoubtedly feel its impetus.

The morning session commenced promptly at 9 o'clock, with devotional services in charge of Rev. A. M. Osgood, president of the district. W. H. Lincoln, president of the Lowell Union, gave the address of welcome. Rev. O. W. Scott, of Brockton, spoke on "The Place and Promise of the Epworth League." He emphasized the need of organized effort along the lines of purity in home, church, State and nation. Rev. C. A. Littlefield spoke very interestingly of the work of the Boston City Missionary Society, particularly carried on at the North End by the Epworth Settlement, and urged the Leagues to co-operate with them.

Dinner was furnished by the Lowell Leagues. By a very pretty arrangement of the tables they were made to form the letters E. L.

In the afternoon department conferences were held. The department of Christian Work, under the charge of W. H. Lincoln, and that of Mercy and Help, under the charge of Mrs. G. E. Sanderson, met in the Y. M. C. A. rooms; the Literary, in charge of Rev. G. E. Sanderson, and the Social, in charge of Miss E. M. Houghton, met in the gallery of the church; and the Correspondence and Finance, in charge of the district secretary, in the Epworth League room.

At 2 o'clock Rev. Franklin Hamilton gave an inspiring address on "The New Patriotism." Rev. Luther Freeman spoke helpfully upon "Our Spiritual Life." Under the caption "Best Things" the best work done in any department of the individual Leagues was reported by a chosen representative. Some fine points were brought out and discussed. The Junior Leagues of Lowell, under the leadership of Mrs. Mudge, were to have been addressed by Rev. B. F. Kingsley. As he was not present, Miss Houghton, matron of the Epworth House, spoke to them of the work among the children of the North End of Boston, and Rev. A. M. Osgood gave a personal talk on the Christian life.

After supper and a social hour the Lowell Union took charge of the evening exercises. An aspiration service was led by Mr. Osgood, in which some score or more took part. The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. W. I. Haven, of Brookline, on "Vision and Service." He pictured youth and his visions, the Bible and its study, and the service we can all render to the world.

Miss Mabel Coburn, of the Centralville League,

(Continued on Page 16.)

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Disintegrates, Breaks Down and Eliminates Stone of the Kidneys or Bladder, Both Uric Acid and Phosphatic Formations.

ANALYSIS AND REPORT OF

DR. R. OGDEN DOREMUS,

Professor of Chemistry in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York.

New York, Dec. 2d, 1896.

E. C. LAIRD, M. D., Resident Physician, Buffalo, Litchia Springs, Va.

DEAR DOCTOR.—I have received the five collections of Disintegrated Calculi, each collection containing a number of fragments, and also the three boxes, each containing a single calculus, mentioned in your letter as discharged by different patients under treatment by the

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Spring No. 3. I have analyzed and photographed parts of each specimen, and designated them alphabetically. One of the Calculi from the collection marked "A" was 3-16 of an inch in diameter, of an orange color, and on section exhibited a nucleus, surrounded by nine concentric layers of a crystalline structure, as shown in the accompanying photograph marked "A," magnified 13 diameters.



(Calculus "A" magnified 13 diameters.) On chemical analysis it was found to consist of Uric Acid (colored by organic substances from the urine), with traces of Ammonium Urate and Calcium Oxalate.

According to distinguished Medical authority Uric Acid Poisoning shows itself in Gout, Rheumatism, Lithemia, Stone of the Kidney and Bladder, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Herpeticiform Neuralgic Affections, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Asthma, Nervous Headache, cases of Mental Depression and in certain forms of Dyspepsia and Eczema.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER dissolves and washes out of the system Uric Acid Deposit, and is Nature's own specific for these and all troubles of Uric Acid origin. Taken as a common beverage or table water it acts as a preventive of Uric Acid deposit and of the distressing maladies caused by such deposit.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets on application. PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.

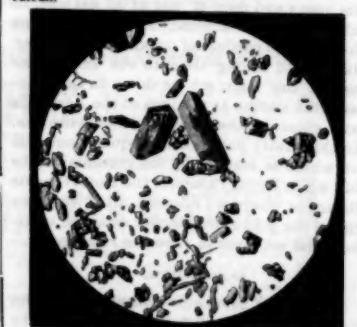
A fragment of a broken down calculus from the same collection was found to consist of Uric Acid.

(Report as to six specimens of Calculi omitted to economize space.)

The contents of the boxes marked "C" consisted chiefly of whitish crystalline materials.

On microscopic examination they exhibited well defined prismatic crystals characteristic of "Triple Phosphate," as shown in the accompanying photograph "C," magnified 20 diameters.

On chemical analysis they were found to consist of Magnesium and Ammonium Phosphate (Triple Phosphate), Calcium Phosphate, Calcium Carbonate a trace, Sodium and Potassium salts in traces, Uric Acid and Urates none, Calcium Oxalate none. Organic debris in considerable quantity, and matters foreign to Calculi.



(Collection "C" magnified 20 diameters.) Yours respectfully,

R. OGDEN DOREMUS.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

How? By using
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We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers,

But to-day well, and stay so
There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N.Y.

The Proper Time

When the most benefit is to be derived from a good medicine, is early in the year. This is the season when the tired body, weakened organs and nervous system yearn for a building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many wait for the open spring weather and, in fact, delay giving attention to their physical condition so long that a long stage of sickness is inevitable. To rid the system of the impurities, and to purify the blood, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
New York.	Sing Sing, N. Y.	April 7	Merrill
New York East.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	" 7	Walden
New England.	Lowell, Mass.	" 7	Powler
New Hampshire.	Manchester, N. H.	" 7	Ninde
Maine.	Portland, Me.	" 14	Mallin
N. E. Southern.	Manchester, Conn.	" 14	Newman
Troy.	Schenectady, N. Y.	" 21	Ninde
East Maine.	Calais, Me.	" 21	Mallin
Vermont.	Barre, Vt.	" 22	Walden
St. Albans Dis. Min. Assn., at Stowe.		Feb. 2, 3	
Central Circuit Fr. Mtg. at Saxtonville.		Feb. 3	
Concord Dis. Fr. Mtg. at Laconia.		Feb. 3	
Bucksport Dis. Western Min. Assn., at Brewer.		Feb. 9-10	
Rockland Dis. Min. Assn. and Ep. League			
Convention, at Thomaston.		Feb. 9-10	
Norwich Dis. Min. Assn., at Moosup.		Feb. 15, 16	
Providence Dis. Fr. Mtg. at Hebronville.		Feb. 15, 16	
Maine Min. Assn. at High St. Cong. Church, Auburn.		Feb. 17	

W. F. M. S. - The postponed annual meeting of Cambridge District will be held on Feb. 12, at Trinity Church, Charlestown. Sessions at 10.30 and 2. Mrs. Dr. Hoskins is expected to speak in the afternoon. Reports and election of officers in the morning. Basket lunch. Cars for Main St., Charlestown, Everett and Chelsea pass Green St., the place nearest the church.

EVA M. COLTON, Sec.

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Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

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BLOOD HUMORS CUTICURA REMEDIES.

EVERY LADY SHOULD READ THIS. I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, peculiar to our sex. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. Mrs. L. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

WHERE HISTORY IS BEING MADE.

The attention of the whole country at the present time is turned toward the National Capital where so many questions of great public interest are being debated by both houses of Congress. The personally conducted tours operated under the management of the Royal Blue Line afford an opportunity for every one to visit Washington under the most favorable conditions and at a minimum of expense. The parties start Tuesday, Feb. 16th, Thursday, March 18th, Friday, April 24th and Tuesday, May 4th. The rate of \$27.00 from Boston pays for transportation to Washington and return, staterooms, meals en route, transfers, FIVE DAYS at the Riggs House, Ebbitt House or Willard's, side trip to Alexandria and Mount Vernon, a stop at Philadelphia and privilege of stop-over in New York as long as desired. Rates in proportion are made from other points in New England. Although the rate is low, the accommodations are absolutely first class and the managers cater to the best people.

A special "Inauguration Tour" has been arranged for March 26, and two tours to Old Point Comfort and Washington will leave March 26th and April 20th. Illustrated Itinerary and further information can be obtained from A. J. Simmons, N. E. A., 211 Washington St., Boston.

THE
BOSTON REGISTER
AND
BUSINESS
DIRECTORY 1897

The Boston Almanac Enlarged and Improved CONTAINING BOTH AN ALPHABETICAL AND CLASSIFIED LIST OF ALL

Business Houses and the Professions City, State and U. S. Officials, Societies, Institutions, Etc.

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CHANGE OF DATE. - The Troy Conference will meet on April 11 instead of April 14, as heretofore published. W. X. NINDE.

CHANGE OF DATE. - The New Hampshire Conference will meet on April 7 instead of April 8. W. X. NINDE.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH PROTECTIVE LEAGUE. - The annual public meeting of this organization will be held Feb. 14, at 4 p. m., in Central Congregational Church, Boston. Bishop Foster, Rev. Drs. E. L. Clark, Reuben Thomas, G. C. Lorimer, and M. D. Kneland will speak. M. D. KNELAND, Sec.

TOBACCO WAS THE REAL CAUSE

But parents are sometimes to blame for a son's use of it. Old slaves can stop it as well by taking SURE-QUIT, the popular antidote chewing gum remedy for Tobacco habit. Sec. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Bessie Kunkin Co., Detroit, Mich.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should be constantly supplied with "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Avoid imitations.

THE ALPHA. - Regular monthly meeting, Monday, Feb. 18, at Room 20, Crawford House. Luncheon (European plan) at 12.30. Papers at 1.15 by Rev. T. J. Everett, '74, presiding elder New England Southern Conference, and Rev. John T. McFarland, '74, of New Britain, Conn. J. F. KENNEDY, Sec.

ANNUAL REUNION - ALUMNI OF WILBRAHAM ACADEMY. - The annual reunion of all the present and past teachers and trustees, and all former students, of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, will be held at the American House, Boston, Feb. 17. For further particulars address the secretary, F. N. Bardwell, 21 Union St., Boston.

DEDICATION AT SANGERVILLE, ME. - The M. E. Church at Sangerville will be dedicated Feb. 14. On Thursday evening a house-warming, supper and general good time occurs from 8 to 10, followed by a lecture at 8 by Rev. F. E. White, of Houlton; subject, "Queer Folks." Friday evening a grand concert will be given by home talent, assisted by Madame Des Fret, of Bangor, with reading by Miss Louise Campbell, of Bangerville. Saturday evening a lecture will be given by Rev. J. F. Haley, of Dexter; subject, "That Tongue of Yours." Sunday, preaching all day. Many former neighboring and more distant pastors are expected. A cordial invitation to all. J. D. PATSON, Pastor.

NOTICE - MAINE CONFERENCE. - If any member of the class of the second year - exegesis - has not received his work, write for needed information to Rev. J. H. Roberts, Pleasantdale, Me.

W. F. M. S. - The auxiliaries of Framingham District will hold a convention at Saxtonville, Wednesday, Feb. 24. A program of unusual interest is anticipated. Mrs. Hoskins of India will be present. Special request is made that each auxiliary be represented, either by a delegate or a written report. Basket lunch. Mrs. M. E. WRIGHT, Dis. Sec.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

BUCKSFORD DISTRICT - FOURTH QUARTER.

FEBRUARY.
7, Orono: M. Hodgdon & Lindsay, p. m.
14, Bangerville, dedication: A eve;
21, Bangerville: M. Oldtown, C. C. Whitaker;
28, Houlton, a m: M. Dover, D. S. Dow.
[Remainder next week.] H. W. WORTON.

MAINE CONFERENCE STANDING COMMITTEES FOR 1897.

PUBLIC WORSHIP - G. D. Lindsay, G. R. Palmer.
STEWARDS - D. E. Holt, G. F. Cobb, M. E. King, A. Hamilton, W. F. Holmes.
METHODIST LITERATURE - C. W. Parsons, D. E. Miller, F. A. Leitch.
EDUCATION - C. W. Gallagher, W. T. Chapman, H. A. Clifford.
ADMISSION TO CONFERENCE - W. S. Jones, A. C. Traflet, E. W. Kenning.
CONFERENCE RELATIONS - C. S. Cummings, G. D. Holmes, E. C. Strout.
FRATERNAL RELATIONS - F. C. Rogers, D. B. Randall, G. D. Lindsay.
TEMPERANCE - E. T. Adams, W. F. Berry, C. A. Southard.
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE - E. S. Stackpole, W. R. Dakeshire, O. E. Springer.
OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH - Thomas Whiteside, Charles Munger, W. P. Merrill.
BIBLE CAUSE - Robert Lawton, W. B. Eldridge, W. H. Gowell.
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND TRACTS - T. N. Kewley, C. A. Brooks, W. Cashmore.
CHURCH EXTENSION - D. B. Ford, E. Gerry, A. E. Bryant.
FREEDMEN'S AID AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION SOCIETY - R. C. Westworth, H. E. Frohock, C. Parinton.
EPWORTH LEAGUE - J. R. Clifford, F. C. Potter, T. F. Baker.
CHURCH AID - S. Hooper, W. Canham, L. E. Bean.
MEMOIRS - F. Grover, G. W. Barber, G. F. Millward.
PUBLISHING MINUTES - W. F. Berry, C. F. Parsons.
STATE OF THE CHURCH - F. C. Rogers, J. Nixon, O. S. Pillsbury.
RESOLUTIONS - E. O. Thayer, J. H. Roberts, G. I. Lowe.
MISSIONARY SOCIETIES - A. A. Lewis, F. W. Smith, W. F. Marshall.
PROTECTION OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS - H. Hewitt, C. O. Phelan, E. F. Fickett.
RENEWANCES - J. H. Traak, I. A. Bean, H. A. Peare.
AUDITING - D. Pratt, J. M. Woodbury, G. C. Andrews.
FINANCE - L. Luce, Wm. Wood, W. F. Lord.
TRANSPORTATION AGENT - L. Luce.
G. R. PALMER, J. E. LAFRANK, J. A. COREY.

News Which Is Good News to Women.

It is a fact that women who suffer from female complaints and are consequently weak, tired, nervous, dragged-out and full of pains and aches do not have the same opportunity to be cured as do the residents of the great cities where the most successful specialists in female diseases reside. Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who has the largest practice in the world and who is without doubt the most successful specialist in curing female complaints, offers to give free consultation by mail to all women suffering from these distressing weaknesses, discharges, pains and irregularities. Write at once and we promise Dr. Greene will cure you. (Adv.)

Marriages.

WILDER - ROBBINS - In Derby, Vt., Jan. 6, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. L. F. Chase, Henry Hubbard Wilder, second son of Rev. W. W. Wilder, of the Vermont Conference, and Grace Theresa, youngest daughter of W. S. Robbins.

LELAND - WASHBURN - In Worcester, Jan. 26, by Rev. L. W. Adams, Arthur L. Leland and Maud M. Washburn, both of Worcester.

DAVIS - GILBERT - In Worcester, Jan. 30, by the same, Adolphus Davis and Emma Gilbert, both of Auburn.

MAINE CONFERENCE. - Will all members, probationers and supplies, also all widows of deceased members who do not expect to be present at our Annual Conference, kindly notify me as soon as convenient? Will all ministers whose wives expect to accompany them give me notice? Will the presiding elders inform me of all supplies whose names are not now on our Minutes, and all candidates for admission for whom entertainment is expected? Will all who have made private arrangements for entertainment kindly furnish name and street of host for Conference Directory? No provision can be made for children. Immediate attention to the above will greatly aid me in my work. GEO. D. LINDSEY, Portland, Me.

BOSTON WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY ALUMNI CLUB has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Charles F. Rice, D. D., '77; vice-president, Mr. Frederick W. Clarke, '76; secretary, Mr. Vernon B. Swift, '76; treasurer, Mr. Edward H. Mansfield, '77; executive committee - Mr. William B. Herrick, '74, Rev. Charles E. Davis, '74, Rev. Charles A. Littlefield, '74; visiting committee - Rev. John H. Pillsbury, '74, Rev. John Galbraith, '76, Rev. Warren A. Luce, '75. The younger alumni of Wesleyan University in the vicinity of Boston will meet at the American House, Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8 o'clock, for an informal lunch. Plans will be discussed for a regular lunch to be held every month or six weeks, for the purpose of keeping in touch with the college and to promote Wesleyan's interests in the "Hub." VERNON B. SWIFT, Sec.

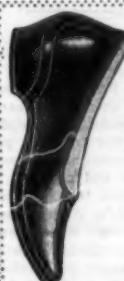
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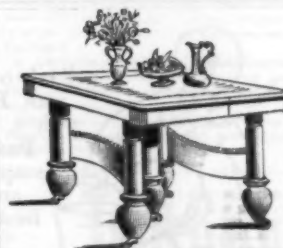
For nearly six months we have said but little about Dining Tables. The steady demand has been so large that it has kept us busy to supply it. But the new styles certainly deserve a word from us today.

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Our Book Table.

The Principles of Sociology. Vol. III. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.

Of the three parts in this volume the first, treating of "Ecclesiastical Institutions," has before appeared in book form; the second, bearing on "Professional Institutions," has been published in magazine articles; while the third, treating of "Industrial Institutions," is composed of new matter. This completes the set on the "Principles of Sociology," arranged in permanent form, convenient for the use of the student. The three volumes contain the entire elements of his system. Few men of the age have made so thorough a study of the social relations of the race as Mr. Spencer. He began to publish thirty-six years ago, and has continued his studies historically and in detail until the whole field has been thoroughly cultivated. The student of the new science, in beginning his investigations, finds a good store of facts and reasoned statements in the writings of this great philosopher to help him forward. Whatever has truth as a basis is set down clearly; and any defects in his facts or arguments may be more easily found in the light he has shed upon the whole field.

The Age of the Crusades. By James M. Ludlow. D. D., LL. D. New York: Christian Literature Society.

This is the fourth volume of the "Ten Epochs of History" series in course of publication by the Christian Literature Society, as edited by Rev. John Fulton, D. D., LL. D. The author opens with introductory words on the condition of Europe in the eleventh century, noting particularly the rudeness of the people, the general poverty, the feudal system, the Mahometan increase, and the papal attempt to consolidate and universalize the papal empire. He then begins with the first Crusade (1096), and follows the political and military movements down to the fall of Acre (1291) and the expulsion of the Crusaders from Syria. With a firm grasp of the entire subject, Dr. Ludlow presents matters in order and in a style at once simple, elegant and vivid. His chapters are brilliant; the dark facts of a past age glow as with an electric blaze at the touch of his pen.

Dictionary of Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers. A Cyclopaedia of Quotations. By S. Pollock Linn, A. M. New York: Wilbur F. Ketcham. Price, \$2.

This dictionary contains several thousand brief, crisp passages from the leading speakers and writers of our day. It will be serviceable to platform speakers, preachers, planders and teachers, who wish to enrich and brighten their utterances by some of the best thoughts found in the language. The name of the author is invariably given with the selection. There is an index of subjects and another of authors. Both are full, and enable the reader to find in a moment anything in the book.

Inspiration Considered as a Trend. By D. W. Faunce, D. D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Price, \$1.

The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is a large subject, and has been studied and treated in various ways. Our author studies it as a trend or tendency. The tendency of the facts is to show that the Bible is God's book. He states his case in full, gathers his facts, constructs the experiential argument, gives the warranted deduction, and shows the human and divine elements in the great Book. His closing chapter on "Difficulties and Confirmations" is one of the most suggestive and helpful in the book. Dr. Faunce is a clear thinker, giving freshness to old lines of thought, and a vivid writer.

The Searchlight of Hippolytus: The Papacy and the New Testament in the Light of Discovery. By Parker F. Flournoy. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 50 cents.

The late discoveries in stone, canvas and parchment have favored the truth of the Bible and have discredited the false claims of the Papacy. This was the case with the "Philosophumena" of Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus Romanus. In 1842 M. Myrnoide-Minas brought back from Mt. Athos a Greek manuscript of the fourteenth century, on cotton paper, containing "The Refutation of All Heresies." The writing was attributed to Origen; but in 1851 Prof. J. L. Jacobi, of Berlin, in an article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, proved it to be a work of Hippolytus. Hippolytus was a disciple of Irenaeus, who died A. D. 180. In this admirable study Flournoy details the facts in the case, and shows the bearing of them on the evidence in favor of the genuineness of the New Testament writings and on the assumptions of the Pope. The truth of the former and the falseness of the latter are established beyond dispute.

The People's Handbook of the Bible. By J. E. Ayars. Philadelphia: Methodist Episcopal Book Room. Price, 75 cents.

This is an admirable introduction to the Bible in small compass. The book is divided into three parts. The first treats matters belonging to Biblical introduction—the evidences of revelation, genuineness, authenticity and authority, with the usual internal evidences; the second, inductive study, dealing with interpretation and the helps thereto; and, third, the systematic study of the Bible. The information is full, compact and clear in arrangement, and the author's points are well taken.

Christianity and Idealism. By John Watson, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50.

The present work has resulted from lectures recently delivered by Professor Watson, of the Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, before the Philosophical Union of the University of California. The first part treats of the Greek, Jewish and Christian ideals, while the second

presents modern idealism in its relation to the Christian ideal and life. The author is a clear thinker and elegant writer on philosophical subjects. The lover of philosophy will read it with pleasure, and the believer in idealism will rejoice to find so able an advocate of his theory.

The Windfall. By William O. Stoddard. With illustrations by E. West Chidmiast. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This is a story of the miners in Broken Ridge Mountains. The story opens with the caving in of the coal mine, imperiling life and property. Then came in those high lands the snow-storm and the blizzard, covering everything out of sight. Finally came the floods, filling mines and valley by the melting of the great mass of snow. The story gives the main features of the wild mining life, together with the scenery, climate and conditions of the country.

For the Other Boy's Sake, and Other Stories. By Marshall Saunders. Philadelphia: Charles H. Barnes, 1439 Chestnut St.

This volume contains eleven brief stories for children. Each is interestingly told, and has an important moral. The author knows how to write for boys. "Beautiful Joe" has been a favorite with them, and the stories in this book possess many of its best qualities.

The Paths of Duty. By the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

After College, What? For Girls. By Helen E. Starrrett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

The Golden Rule in Business. By Charles F. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. Price of each, 25 cents.

Three brief but precious booklets. Canon Farrar has a clear and forcible message for the young man at home, in business for another and for himself, and at church.

Mr. Dole treats an important subject on a high plane. He shows that the Golden Rule is the only safe clue to guide one in the transaction of secular business. The law of trade, as too often held and practiced, is a code of craft and deceit. Mr. Dole has given the best expression to the law of business to be found in the English language.

The second treatise contains a body of valuable advice to young ladies who have advanced to the close of the college course. They should make something of life, and the author suggests methods by which it may best be done.

English Society. Sketched by George De Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, \$1.50.

This is a book for the centre-table and the holidays, bound in quarto cloth, with an extended introduction by W. D. Howells and some hundred illustrations by the artist. These illustrations are a reproduction of work done in Punch by Du Maurier some twenty years ago. An esthetic craze then prevailed in favor of the classic Greek and "Empire" fashion, and this was so strikingly represented by Du Maurier that he was at once recognized as a master in the delineation of the life and manners of the time. The drawings all give evidence of keen observation and an artistic judgment capable of emphasizing salient points.

Magazines.

—Harper's for February presents several special features of interest. Richard Harding Davis leads in a magnificent description of the Czar's coronation. The article is profusely illustrated and the descriptions of scenes and ceremonies are truthful and graphic. The life of Lincoln receives a fresh touch by Leslie J. Perry, in his "Home Life in Washington." Charles F. Lummis, son of Prof. Henry Lummis, is a new and brilliant contributor to the magazine, presenting a first paper on Mexico entitled, "The Awakening of a Nation." Poulney Bigelow has another article in the series on "White Man's Africa," describing "The President of the Orange Free State." Richard Wheatley contributes an instructive article on "Hygiene in Manhattan"—a study of the sources of epidemics and the efforts the New York Board of Health is making to conquer the stealthy enemy. Rev. H. E. Hawels has an artistic treatment of "Composers and Artists." Several briefer and less notable articles are interspersed through the number and add to its interest. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

—E. L. Godkin leads in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February in the discussion of "Democratic Tendencies." D. C. Gilman recounts the good done in thirty years by the Peabody Education

Fund. Paul Leicester Ford continues his "Story of an Untold Love." President Eliot has a critical article, "A Study of American Liquor Laws." Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve contributes a fresh instalment of his "Sixty Days in Greece," in which we have a description of the Olympic games, old and new. Mary Caroline Robbins tells of the good and ill of "Village Improvement Societies." John Jay Chapman contributes a second instalment of "Emerson Sixty Years After." Thomas Wentworth Higginson goes on with his "Cheerful Yesterdays," bright with early memories and abounding in reminiscences of fellow students and associates in letters, politics and war. Henry Van Brunt reviews the lives of John W. Root and Charles Bulfinch—"Two Interpreters of National Architecture." The former followed the old colonial style, while the latter introduced the modern, gathered from studies in England, France and Italy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

—The *North American Review* for February is a strong and practical number. The leading contributions for the month include: "Powers of the French President," by the United States Minister to Spain; "The New Epoch and the Currency," George S. Morison; "Woman Suffrage in England," Lady Dilke; "Medical Experts and the Homicide," Dr. Henry Smith Williams; "The Cuba of the Far East," Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Spain; "The French Navy," M. Georges Clemenceau; "Will the South be Solid Again?" Marion L. Dawson; "Speculation in Damage Claims," E. Parmelee Prentice; "Can the United States Afford to Fight Spain?" A Foreign Naval Officer; "Conservation of the British Democracy," W. E. H. Lecky. (New York, 291 Fifth Ave.)

—Scribner's for February opens with a second article on the conduct of great business—"A Great Hotel" coming in this time for treatment. Richard Harding Davis continues his "Soldiers of Fortune," a story with illustrations by Gibson. The same artist illustrates his own paper on "London Streets." William Henry Shelton describes in a graphic way "A Woman," ambitious to bring the horse under her control. C. Grant La Farge, in "Pilot Aron," gives a delightful camp sketch in the forests beyond the St. Lawrence. Robert W. Chambers provides a thrilling story entitled, "The Messenger." Alfredo Meloni contributes a sketch of the Italian landscape, Giuseppe Segantini. The article is illustrated by a portrait of the artist, with reproductions of some of his best pieces. "The City Magistrate's Court" contains sketches and descriptions of incidents in the New York police courts. Senator Lodge contributes a learned and able article on Richard III., "The Last Plantagenet." Evangeline W. Blashfield illustrates "The Miniature Portrait" by reproductions from Malbone and William J. Baer. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.)

—Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for February contains many fresh, valuable contributions, as will be seen by the table of contents: "Herbert Spencer: The Man and his Work," Prof. William Henry Hudson; "The Racial Geography of Europe" (I), Prof. W. Z. Ripley; "Principles of Taxation" (VI), Hon. David A. Wells; "Indian Wampum Records," Horatio Hale; "Some Primitive Californians," Mary Sheldon Barnes; "How Plants and Animals Spend the Winter," W. S. Blatchley; "The Interpretations of Automatism," Prof. W. R. Newbold; "Tendencies in Athletics for Women," Sophia F. Richardson; "Condemnation of Criminals not Punishment," Edward F. Brush, M. D.; "Sketch of Maria Mitchell" (with portrait). (D. Appleton & Co.: New York.)

—Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* for February has its usual fullness and excellence of matter. The General Lee papers are continued. Edmund Jennings Lee has a strong article on "The Character of Gen. Robert E. Lee." The papers on "American Universities and Colleges" are also continued, a sketch of the University of Pennsylvania being given in this number and illustrated by several portraits and views of the main buildings. "The Development of the Modern Hotel" illustrates the life of the past and the improvements of the present. Views and descriptions are given of three wonderful bridges—the Victoria, the Tay Viaduct, and the suspension bridge at Montrose. For the children there are "Some Stories of Cats" set off with pictures. "St. Fin Barre's Cathedral" gives some fine pictures and an account of an old see in Ireland. (Frank Leslie's Publishing House: New York.)

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Mrs. S. R. Berry, Lebanon, N. H., says:—"I could not sleep nights and the chills or shakings would follow, and I could do but very little of anything. I had to lie down a great deal, and my nerves were very weak and of no use. There was a terrible pain in my head, and I was almost a complete wreck of my former self. I was depressed in mind and spirits. My liver was swollen and my kidneys were very bad. "I used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I will say that this wonderful medicine is the greatest blessing that ever came into a family."



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Obituaries.

Quimby.—William Quimby was born Aug. 28, 1812, and died in Lisbon, N. H., Nov. 9, 1896.

Mr. Quimby was an active Christian for more than sixty years. For the greater part of this time he was connected with the Free Baptist Church at Sugar Hill, N. H. For the last thirty-one years of his life he lived in Lisbon and was actively and officially identified with the M. E. Church in that place for many years before he united formally with it. He was an active and important member of the committee on the reconstruction of the edifice recently effected.

Mr. Quimby died in the comfort of the faith. He leaves a widow and a son. The interment was in Franconia. R. E. THOMPSON.

Richards.—Mrs. Orlana (Wright) Richards was born in Kirby, Vt., in 1824, and died in Strickland's Ferry, Me., in December, 1896, aged 72 years.

She resided in her native town till the age of seventeen, when she removed with her parents to Lowell, Mass., and at the age of twenty-four was married to Mr. Levi Richards, of Strickland's Ferry, Me. They lived together forty-eight years. Three children were given to them—John, the delight of his mother, who is in Massachusetts; George, who lives at North Fayette; and Cora, wife of Nathan Battell, of Strickland's.

Mrs. Richards united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lowell, and held her connection nearly fifty years. Her home was ever open to her pastors. She was at one time leader in a temperance organization called the Ladies' Band, and was an untiring worker. She has done what she could and rests from her labors.

She leaves a husband, three children, three brothers and two sisters to mourn their loss. B. V. DAVIS.

Severance.—Mrs. Addie A. Severance, wife of an esteemed member of Grace Methodist Church, Cambridge, Mass., died, after a summer of heroic effort to recover from sickness, on Nov. 6, 1896. She was born March 31, 1861, in Freeport, Maine.

Mrs. Severance lived in Freeport until she was eight years old, removing then to Falmouth, from which place she came to Cambridge in 1877. Under the influences of the Christian ministry here she was brought into the church, uniting with old Cottage St. in August, 1886.

Mrs. Severance was recognized as one of the "elect women" of our church. It is not struggling to be eulogistic to say that she had a most pleasing address. In company she would attract others by her genial, quiet and winsome way, confirming it all with the stronger impression of her rare stability and high-mindedness. Strong intellectually, cultivated in conversation, conscientious in all her work in the home and church, prayerful in private, loyal to the church of her choice, affectionate in her family, esteemed by everybody, guarded by angels, loved of God—these, then, were the traits of an ordinary significance in the history of our church and the life of our community. GEORGE ALCOCK PRINNEY.

Black.—Forrest Paul Black was born in Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 7, 1877, and died in Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1896.

This young man's death came with a great shock to his parents and sister, to his numerous friends in Whitman, and also to the class of 1900 of Boston University School of Medicine, of which he was the youngest member. With indomitable energy he pursued his high school course of study, graduating with honor in June, 1896. He had set his mind on the medical profession as being the chosen field of his life work, and after passing an excellent examination, entered the class of 1900. He was always a leader in his school life and a favorite with all. Genial, courteous, manly, loved by all who knew him, he stood as an example of a young Christian life, for with all his fine traits of character he was an earnest lover of Jesus Christ.

For many years he had a valvular difficulty with his heart, which was the cause of his sudden death; and in his last days, in spite of an apparent knowledge that his time upon earth was very limited, he pressed with untiring zeal toward the goal of his ambition, seemingly desirous of laying down his young life as near it as possible. He was a probationer in the Whitman M. E. Church, of which his father, mother and sister are members, and was to have been received into full membership on Nov. 1 last, just a severe attack of his unconquerable enemy detained him at his boarding-place in Boston.

The impressive funeral service was held in the church, Dec. 15, and was largely attended by the friends and classmates of the deceased. Very beautiful and profuse floral offerings testified to his deep love.

His parents and only sister are comforted by testimonies to his sterling character received from friends old and new, but the knowledge that the young man is safe with Christ has dried the flowing tears and brought peace and joy to their bereaved hearts. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." O. E. JOHNSON.

Chaffee.—George R. Chaffee was born in Athens, Vt., in July, 1839, and died in Athol, Mass., Dec. 5, 1896.

Mr. Chaffee was of strong, thrifty, intelligent New England stock, and drank in the spirit of patriotism in his childhood. When the War of the Rebellion came he enlisted to fight for his country. He was one of those men who never turned his back to the foe, and in a charge at Port Hudson a ball passed through his limb. His health was impaired by this wound and by malarial poison received by sleeping out nights in a Southern clime, which weakened his system and shortened his days.

He was naturally a very unselfish man and lived for others. He was converted and joined the church when about thirteen, and for forty-four years beautifully illustrated the power of divine grace. He was always a benediction to the church where he lived and shed the light of a pure life on all with whom he associated. Religion was not a mere form to him and entered into all the little things of life.

Though a constant sufferer for years, he never murmured, for he felt sure "all things work together for good to them that love God." A few days before his death, when he had no anticipation of the immediate approach of the king of terrors, he said to a neighbor: "Whenever it is the Lord's will to take me, I shall be glad to go."

He leaves a widow and two sons to mourn their loss. Rev. John R. Chaffee, his eldest son, is a member of the New England Conference, stationed at Brookfield. William G. Chaffee, his son, is teaching in the high school at Rutland, Mass. Both of these young men grad-

uated at Boston University. The deceased was a brother of Mrs. John Dunn, of Gardner, Mass., well known in Methodist circles. We mourn, but our brother rejoices. J. H. M.

Stone.—George S. Stone died in Leicester, Mass., Sept. 4, 1896, aged 60 years.

Mr. Stone was a man of quiet demeanor, of few words, but greatly beloved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. His daily life, his walk and conversation before his fellow-men, was a living testimony to the beauty and excellence of the Christian religion. He was a follower of Christ that the world believed in—a faithful man everywhere. He was an officer in the church, useful and always ready as a steward, collector and trustee. When able, he was always in the place in the church on the Sabbath, in the Sunday-school, and in the week-day meetings. Mr. Stone was one of the charter members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Leicester, and joyfully shared with his brethren in the cost and labor of putting the old edifice into its present attractive shape. He was a faithful soldier in the Christian war, and had the confidence and love of brethren in arms as well as his fellow citizens to the last.

His last sickness was long and at times painful, all of which he bore with Christian fortitude and hope. He was well prepared to live and to die. His end was peace. A loving and devoted wife survives him.

ALONZO SANDERSON.

Whittemore.—Otis Whittemore died in Leicester, Mass., Sept. 6, 1896, aged 81 years, lacking one day.

Mr. Whittemore was no ordinary man. He was well endowed physically. He was strong also intellectually, a man of good sense and judgment. He was a man, too, of good principles. You knew just where to find him—always on the right side of every good and righteous cause. His fellow citizens honored him during his life with almost every office in the gift of the town. Fearless in speech and action, sometimes quick and impulsive, he nevertheless was a man of sympathy and strong affections.

Early in life he gave his heart to God and continued a firm Christian to the end. The church of Christ was his rejoicing and glory. Here, with the people of God, he served as class-leader, Sunday-school superintendent, steward, treasurer, collector, and trustee. He was always the pastor's assistant, his friend and brother so far as he could be, and his home was the pastor's resting-place. Nothing gave him greater delight than to entertain the ministers of Christ and their wives, and many of them have shared his loving hospitality.

His last and perhaps his best work was to assist in establishing in his own beautiful town and village a Methodist Episcopal Church and securing an edifice. Built by his hands and in troublous times to Episcopal Methodism, his eye was quick to see the open door which with his pastor and other brethren he entered, until today there is a church building there of which no one is ashamed and a people upon whom the Lord is now putting his seal in the salvation of souls.

Father Whittemore's death was sudden, but he was well prepared to go, even with a smiling face. A faithful wife survives him, also two daughters and their families.

ALONZO SANDERSON.

Hatch.—Mrs. Sophronia A., wife of the venerable Rev. William H. Hatch, D. D., died at her home in Somerville, Mass., Jan. 2, 1897, aged 68 years. She was born in Cumberland, R. I., Dec. 13, 1828, and was the daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe Cooper.

Mrs. Hatch was early united in marriage with Mr. Amos Walker. To them were born two children, both of whom died in infancy. Her husband passing away soon after, she was left in widowhood, in which state she remained seventeen years. During these years she was, part of the time, assistant superintendent in the insane Asylum in Worcester, and subsequently in a Boston hospital—in all, about fourteen years.

Though Mrs. Hatch had been reared by a godly mother and in the M. E. Church, she was not converted until 1860, and then under the ministry of Dr. Hatch, pastor at Milford. She had always been an ardent lover of the church, but had never known the saving grace of God. On a communion Sabbath, after all the church members had partaken, it was Dr. Hatch's practice to invite penitents to the altar for prayers. She alone responded, and knelt as a seeker of pardon. She made a full surrender of her heart to God, and there found, to her great joy, that Christ Jesus had power on earth to forgive sins. From that glad hour she became an active member of the Methodist Church.

She became the wife of Dr. Hatch, May 1, 1870. She was pre-eminently a good wife, and has proved a true helpmate to her husband, who now mourns his loss. They have resided in Somerville for the last thirteen years. During that time she has maintained a Christian character of which no one need be ashamed. Her hand has ever been open at the call of the suffering, and in a quiet, unostentatious manner she has sought to do what she could. She was a pattern of neatness in her home, in which peace, love and harmony ruled at all times. She was, to those who knew her best, a noble Christian woman. She seemed to be her husband's main support in his declining years, and her removal by death is to him an irreparable loss.

Her sickness was protracted through many weary months, and her sufferings from that fatal malady, cancer of the stomach, were excruciating to the last degree; but she endured the torture with a fortitude, resignation and holy confidence seldom equaled, and while heart and flesh were thus failing her faith gloriously triumphed and she could joyfully say, "Thy will be done." When asked by the way how it looked ahead, her reply was, "All is well; all is bright and clear." She said again: "I am only waiting for the boatman. He will soon come. I am ready." With such words of Christian hope she came to the end of the conflict. Just before the silver cord was loosed her pains subsided, and she passed away sweetly, closing her eyes on all of earth and opening them to "behold the King in His beauty," in the land where they die no more.

The funeral was private, only a few special friends being present. The services were conducted by Rev. G. Beebe, the pastor, assisted by Dr. W. R. Clark and the writer.

Dr. Hatch, now left alone at the age of nearly ninety years, deserves and will receive the sympathies and prayers of the church, that grace may be given to sustain him in this hour of his great sorrow. W. McDONALD.

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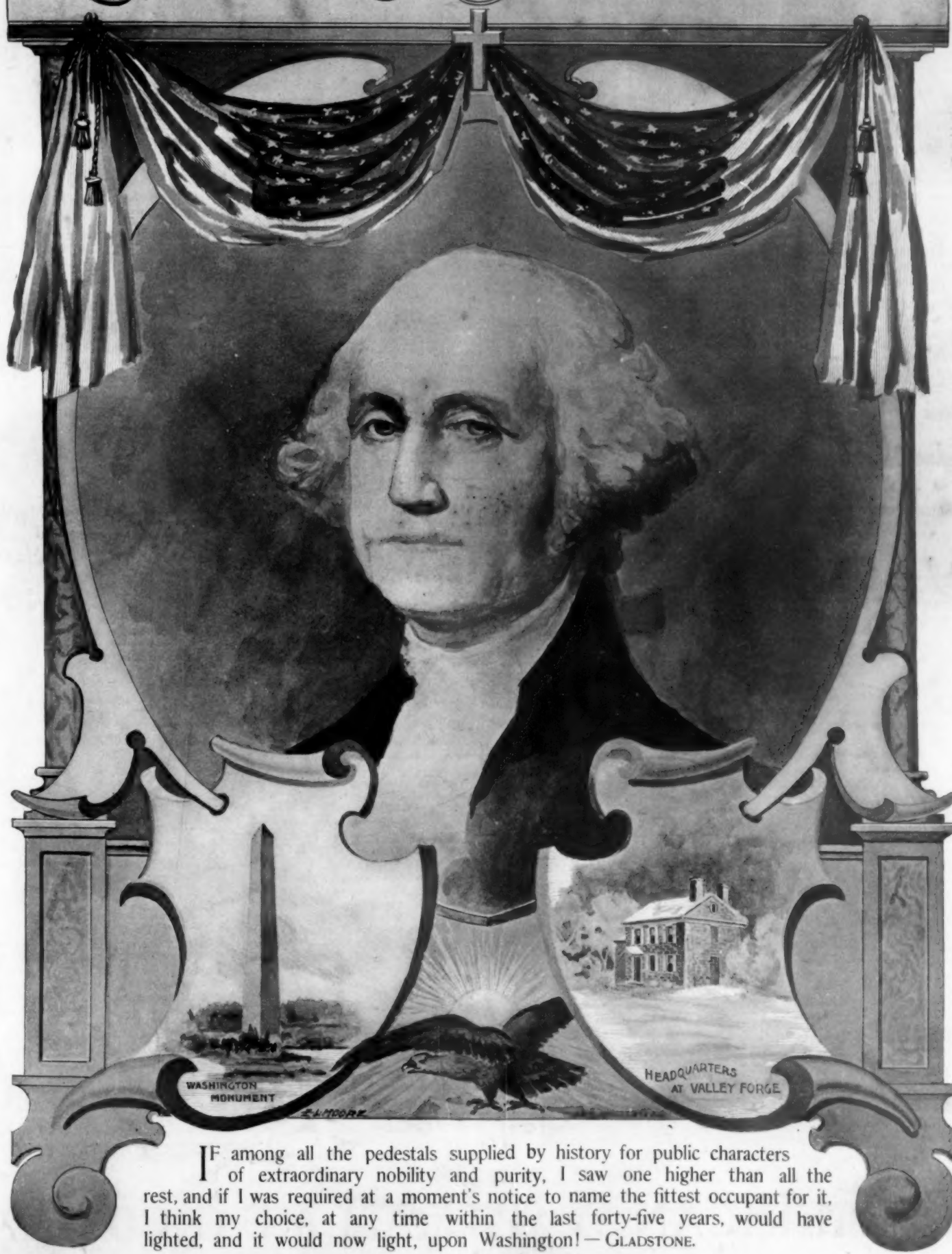
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